World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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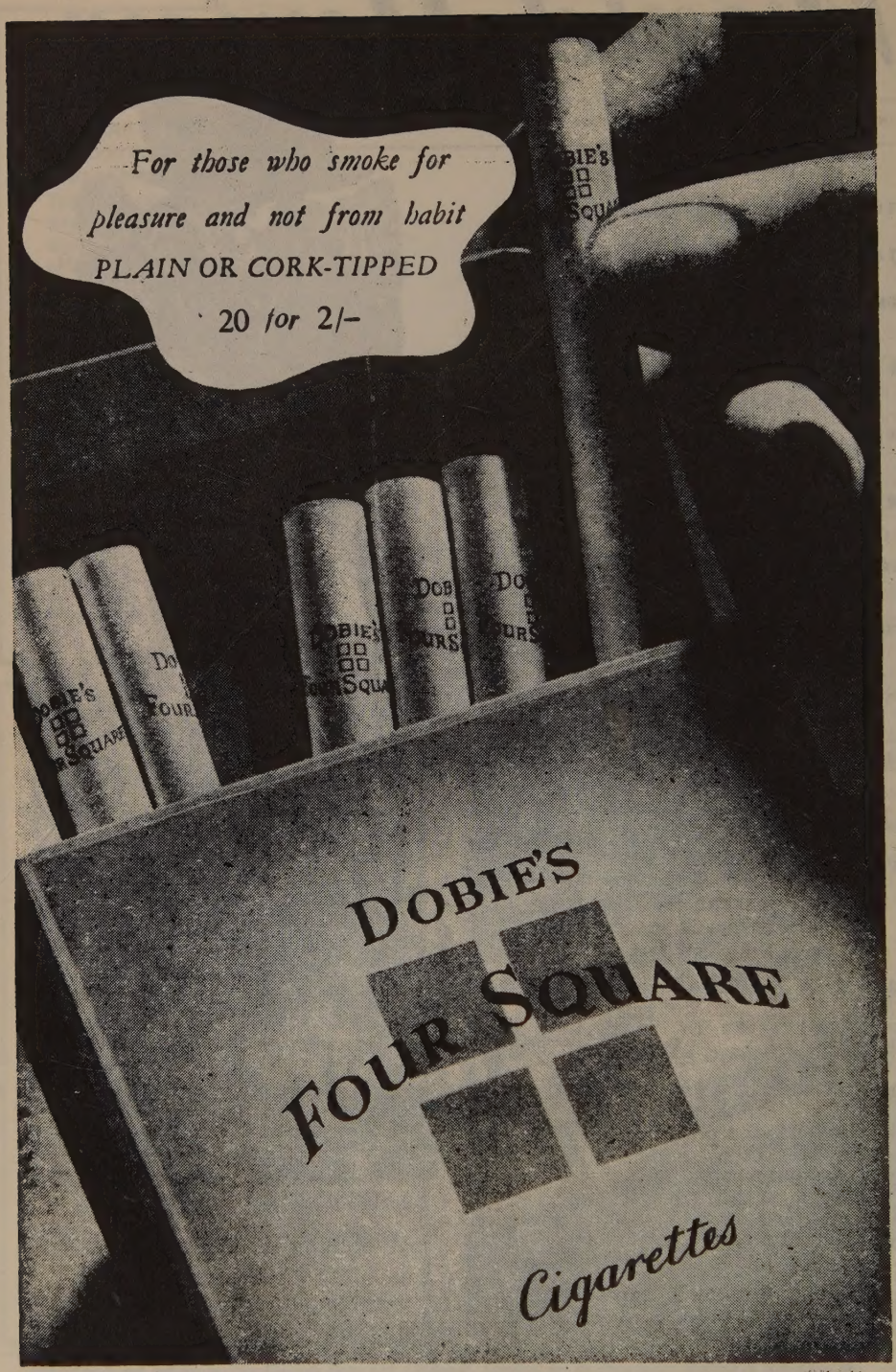
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Thinking Aloud . . .

By EDWARD HULTON

THIS IS THE YEAR!

SPRING is here—at least we have Double Summertime! This year, however, we must think less about 'the darling buds of May' than about the possibility of a Second Front. Although production will not reach its peak in Britain, and certainly not in the U.S.A., this year yet this year is the period which the Russians have declared will be decisive, and during which we must make the greatest contribution we possibly can. I admired M. Maisky for seizing the opportunity afforded by the presentation of the Order of Lenin to our airmen who had distinguished themselves on the Eastern Front. Investitures are usually highly conventional affairs. Yet, in the presence of Sir Archibald Sinclair—and of Mrs. Churchill—Maisky did not hesitate to say that this is the year during which the great effort must be made.

SECOND FRONT?

THE essential fact is that we must make a maximum effort now. We must be audacious and not afraid to take risks—and not leave a large Army 'imprisoned' on this island. The exact forms which our great exertions should take must be left to experts possessing full knowledge of the current facts. A Second Front in the strict sense may not be the wisest plan. Shipping is undoubtedly one of the principal difficulties. Though there are some officers who think that we should land a considerable army in France, with its right near Boulogne and its left near Antwerp. We have strong air power over this area. Such an army should be as useful to protect Britain as an army sitting down in the island itself. It would considerably prejudice German activities in Russia, to say nothing of encouraging our subterranean Continental friends. Any operation of this kind would, of course, make necessary a really strong and effective propaganda directed to the French and Belgians. Up to the time of writing our efforts have only included big air bombings of the Renault and other works and the courageous raid on St. Nazaire. The St. Nazaire raid immediately accomplished something towards increasing the prestige of the army. Some people have approached me and said, 'Why can't something be done to boost the Army?' But you can't boost it artificially whilst it is doing nothing. Successful action is essential to increase its prestige with the nation and to revive its own self-confidence and spirits.

THE CLEFT STICK

NEWSPAPER editors are in a very difficult position in criticising the Army and its leaders great and small. It is obvious that to persuade the private soldier that all his officers are futile is fatal to morale. On the other hand, it is the duty of the press to struggle to secure improvements by constructive, and courageous, criticism. It must also be said that when, as during the last war, soldiers open their papers and read nothing but a lot of complacent twaddle their morale reaches its 'nadir', or, in more popular language, they become completely

SIR P. J. GRIGG, *the vigorous new Minister of War. Successful at East Cardiff by 10,030 to 3,311. Born at Exmouth, 1890. Bournemouth and St. John's, Cambridge. Treasury 1913. Royal Garrison Artillery 1915 to 1918. Secretary to Chancellors of Exchequer 1921 to 1930. 'Chancellor of Exchequer' of India 1934 to 1939. Permanent Under Secretary for War 1939*

'browned off'. The soldier, like the civilian worker, is in point of fact encouraged when he notices that someone at least knows about some of his troubles and tribulations, and is also trying to do something about it.

TOO OLD!

WE have not yet got quite the right kind of officer; and we are not yet using quite the right methods to promote the right men; though we can hope for great improvements under P. J. Grigg. The

other day a small group of serious naval officers were talking over things. One of them asked 'What would you do if you could have just one wish?' The unanimous reply was 'Sack all officers over forty-five'. Though there are exceptions, there is little doubt that most of our senior commanders are too old in years or in spirit. I happen to have been reading Mr. R. R. Palmer's scholarly new book entitled *Twelve Who Ruled,* about the famous Committee of Public Safety in Revolutionary France. I could not help being struck again by the extreme youth of these forceful leaders. Robespierre in 1793 was thirty-five. Saint-Just was twenty-six. The average age of the Twelve was thirty-seven. The Commissioner Julien was eighteen! At this time of profound changes youth is even more essential than it was during the epoch of the French Revolution.

THE OUIDA MOUSTACHIO

On the other hand, I sometimes feel that some of our very young officers look rather silly. I don't know what Russian officers over here think of them. Some of them certainly look neither intelligent nor tough. And why still these great Ouida moustachios? I am sure they don't frighten the enemy. They merely seem to recreate the atmosphere of the Victorian dandies and 'mashers'. During the last war the short 'toothbrush' moustache was the rule. Since then the face fashions of our *militaires* have gone further back into the past, and sometimes suggest 'the petted robin redbreast' condemned by John Bright rather than men who can drive a tank through Hell.

OUR BAYARD?

This is a year during which we have to make all the armed exertion possible, but it is not a time during which we can have great military successes. It is, therefore, at this very moment that we should be making the fullest use of the arm where *we could be strongest today*, namely Propaganda, because we happen to be fighting for Right. It is heartbreaking that Bracken should be retained at the M.O.I. Under his management the poor Ministry has lost its one asset—a reputation for accuracy. The monstrously complacent messages exuded from stricken Malaya were quite enough, one would have thought. But they have been followed by a whole series of messages calculated to suggest that actions have been successful where they have been disastrous, such as the accounts broadcast of the naval engagement off Java, and the wholly unsuccessful attacks of our obsolete *Swordfish* upon the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. It is a fact that friendly foreigners at the B.B.C. who are instructed to broadcast these Fourth Form Schoolboyish *'suppressiones veri'* to their countrymen at home have gone through agony at times. Rows with the British 'editors' of these news bulletins are sometimes very heated. But it is made clear to 'the aliens' that they are paid to broadcast what they are told, and not to give advice of any description. This applies in particular to the Latin Americans and the Portuguese. It is rather remarkable that 'the editors' of the news for the Latin Americas and Iberia have no foreign advisers and are satisfied that they know all that there is to know about the highly complex conditions in these countries, and all about what Spaniards term *el honor*. Frankly, we who really believe that this is our finest hour do not see Brendan Bracken as the shining Paladin of Christianity, nor yet as a latter-day Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*.

WHO?

IT is often said that nobody else would take on the M.O.I. now. This is futile talk. Someone must be found for this essential position. The present Director-General, Mr. Cyril Radcliffe, would not be at all bad. He is not only a man of high intellect and great integrity, but would be willing to employ the services of people who understand the various aspects of propaganda and psychology. Various types are needed, including trained psychologists and experienced pressmen. Some pressmen, of course, do not know everything. For example, what is first-class news is not necessarily first-class propaganda. A major scandal amongst the A.T.S. would come more under the category of 'news'! The right type of advertising man might be better as an adviser on the propaganda angle.

THE END OF PARTIES?

THE *New Statesman* of 11th April devotes more than one article to our general political objectives. One, called 'The Politics of Frustration' dilates on our miniature General Election provided by six by-elections, and discusses the reasons why the Government candidate, Air Chief Marshal Longmore, was beaten at Grantham. 'Frustration' has now become not only a somewhat fashionable but a truly significant word. It is noteworthy that in this article, which rightly points out that many attacks on 'the Party system' are made by persons suffering from conscious—or subconscious—Fascism, expresses something akin to terror that the Party system may be destroyed. Surely the general feeling of people of all shades is not so much at fault here. Surely we could be without Parties and still be without Fascism. I should have thought that it is certain that Party discipline has during the last thirty years or so become infinitely too severe—especially in the Labour Party. A Party discipline—call it 'solidarity' if you will—which reduces members of Parties to the status of automata or Robots produces farce at best; and must mean, amongst other things, a growing lack of interest in political activity by the nation as a whole. More important than this, the present Parties have no real meaning at all, as is pointed out again in an article in *The Economist* for 4th April. 'The old controversy, whether the State should make itself responsible for the economic environment of politics is now as dead as a doorknocker—that is, useful for making a noise but for nothing else. That question is decided; but a new one is coming up: by what methods and in whose interest shall the State discharge its responsibility? Shall it consider itself as the presiding magistrate in a system of semi-sovereign guilds and fiefs, or shall it actively and positively advance the common interest? And if that were to be the alignment, it is easy to see how the political groups of today would line up: the "Big Business Conservatives" and the trade union machine on the one side; the Socialists, the Liberals, "the National Conservatives" or "Tory Democrats" on the other.'

BEHIND THE TIMES

IN an article in the 11th April number of the *New Statesman*, signed by Harold J. Laski, it is brought once more to our notice how Mr. Churchill has fallen behind the times—and *The Times*—in his conceptions both of foreign and social policy. For the Prime Minister this is a war between the United Kingdom and its Allies, and another nation-state entitled Germany. When he spoke on 26th March to the Central Council of the Conservative Party he

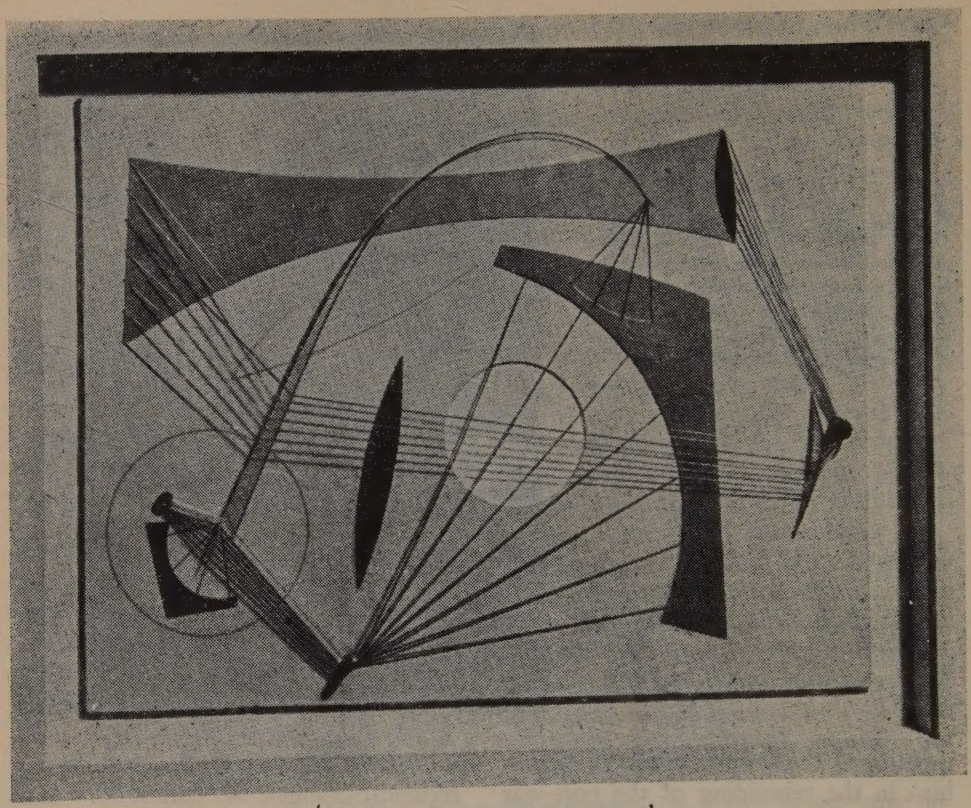
CYRIL RADCLIFFE

K.C. 1935. Born 1899. Haileybury and New College, Oxford. Fellow of All Souls. Called to the Bar by Inner Temple. Leading Chancery 'silk'. Controller of Press and Censorship 1941. Deputy Director-General of Ministry of Information 1941. Now Director-General. Married daughter of Lord Charnwood in 1939

mentioned the 'efforts made to interest him in the rebuilding of the post-war world'. 'We must', he declared, 'be, above all things, careful that nothing diverts or distracts our thoughts or our fullest energies from the task of national self-preservation and of inter-allied duty, which will require the total concentration for an indefinite period of all that we can give.' Surely our whole war effort is bound up with the hope, and the belief, in the possibility of a New World. Apart from this, what about the fundamental changes which have actually occurred since 3rd September 1939? What of mass evacuation; conscription of men and women; the increased comradeship and democracy generated by the institution of the air-wardens and our glorious common experiences of the Blitz; the revolutionary decrease in the incomes of very rich people and dwellers in palatial country residences; the vast technical changes; the compulsory concentration of industry?

NEW THINKERS

SOMETHING like a body of younger thinkers is gradually emerging which realises that it is absolutely essential to think deeply, think hard, and think now, about these things. These people want, *inter alia*, a Federation, or Union, of Western Europe under British leadership. They also want 'the New Britain'. About the most important features of the New Britain must be minimum standards of food, clothing, health, housing, education. I want to state here and now that these are not in any sense 'pious aspirations', or 'promises'. We could have these things immediately after the war. Acts of Parliament could



'RELIEF CONSTRUCTION II, 1941'
A typical example of Constructivist art by John Wells, at the London Museum. Wells is Medical Officer of Health in the Scilly Isles!

be passed straight away to bring them into existence.

A NEW ECONOMIC EDUCATION

THERE is, on the other hand, a slowly-growing feeling that 'Nationalisation' really is academic. The main problem is to bridge the gulf between our productive power and purchasing power. The question whether the goods are to be produced by Smith & Co. or by the State is subsidiary. In fact it could be argued that 'Nationalisation', or even Socialism, is not economics at all. The purchasing power of the people has got to be increased. What is not yet realised is the need for the proper 'economic education' of the workers. We rightly talk about 'developing' China, and India, and Europe, by Lease-Lend methods. What about developing the brains of the workers of Britain? If they are handed much higher wages—and this must be done anyhow as a start—it could be argued that they are 'not economically worth it'. But by the right kind of economic education, or modern business training, they could be made economically worth it. If an ordinary middle-class man can be educated up to being worth his £2,000 a year, masses of workers could be made economically worth this sum. It is an utter misconception to state that there are not the

jobs in a modern industrial world for such educated persons. Our past experiences with education teach us nothing in this respect! We have handed out mostly academic matter. Nobody is suggesting that there is room for millions more professors of Latin and Greek!

FINIS BLOOMSBURIAE

THIS new group will gradually recruit itself from the best elements in all the former classes and parties. It will not be a new version of the long-haired Bloomsbury intellectuals. These have tended to be wedded—or rather welded—to Socialist theory, and to German and other foreign theorisings of all descriptions. 'The New Age Progressives' will be people of integrity as well as intellect, soldierly courage as well as human sympathy. Truly international, or 'global', in mind, they will not be ashamed to be called Englishmen. As fresh-faced as naval officers—or naval ratings—they will be 'muscular democrats'. Such young men will no doubt draw considerable inspiration from the integrity of Stafford Cripps and the courage of P. J. Grigg.

CONSTRUCTIVIST CRITIQUE

IT is delightful that the very official-seeming portals of the London Museum are now open to 'New Movements in Art—Contemporary Work in England' —18th March–9th May. The charms of the Constructivists gradually grow on one. Plato certainly delighted in the beauties of geometrical figures. The only qualification I make is that I cannot accept the claims of the more militant Constructivists that 'figurative painters' have now become illegitimate. Constructivism, like geometry, seems to deal only with the outlines of things, or, if you like, with headlines. It does not deal

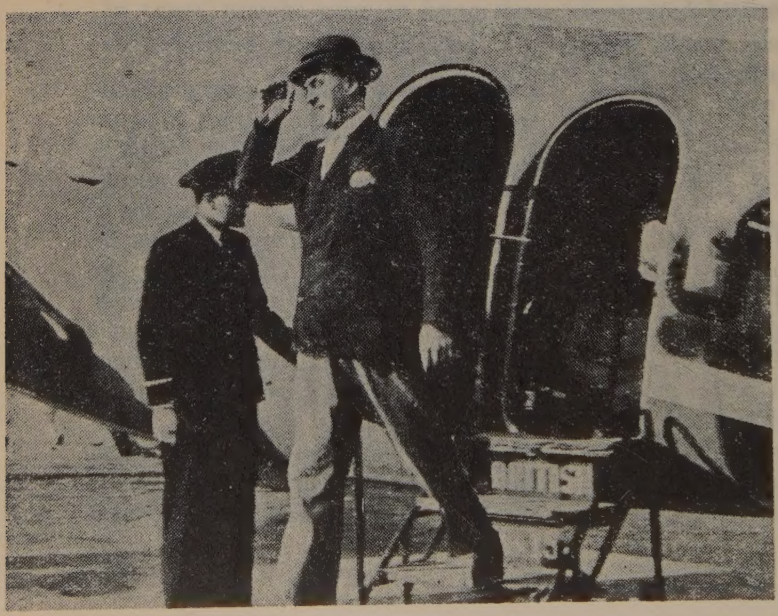
with the many details, the exceptions, the irregularities, the anomalies of life, and it is surely not organic. In fact it is mechanomorphic. All schools of artists are tempted to be intolerant of other schools. But do not let us have a 'Dictatorship of the Constructivists'!

BUYING BATTLESHIPS?

Sir Kingsley Wood seems to exhibit little realisation of the true economic position, and continues to flounder somewhat pathetically in the bogs of orthodox finance. The Treasury still appear to be asking 'Can we afford this? Can we afford that?' in the old orthodox financial fashion. The Warships Weeks are really a reflection of the Treasury attitude. These Weeks are excellent things. Is it really wise, however, to tell the people that they can buy a battleship, or even a 'corvette'? The number of armaments which can be produced is obviously governed exclusively by the amount of steel and the amount of workers we have got. What is so urgently necessary is that everybody should spend as little as possible on the very limited supply of 'consumption goods'. I think, on reflection, that the Government might have let the people into this secret. 'Buy less consumption goods' sounds absurdly dull of course. Nevertheless a better and brighter slogan could have been devised. For the pageantry and the bands I have nothing but praise. And I wish there could have been far more of them. This is a damn dull war, and a dull war is a psychological blunder. And since both whisky and beer are natural products of this tight little island, what about a few more drinks? The increased excise on drinks and smokes is a big mistake.

THANK YOU

Sincere thanks are really due to Stafford Cripps for his titanic effort in India. The generosity and simplicity of our offer appears to have definitely impressed the United States. In the old days we sought to find India, and discovered America. This time it could almost be said that in trying to reach the heart of India we have captured the heart of America.



STAFFORD CRIPPS
The man to whom the nation looks

What is Wrong with the Civil Service?

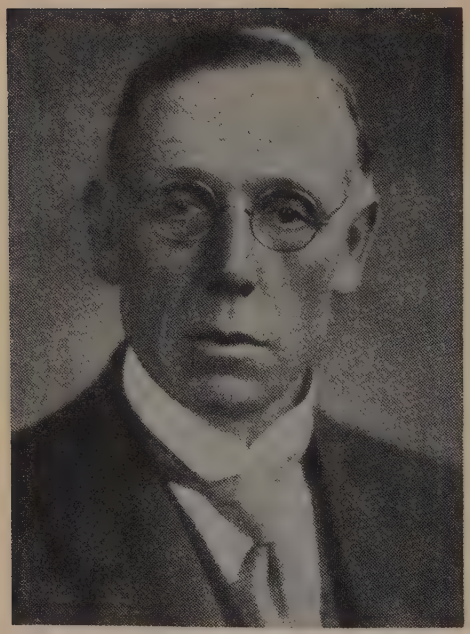
by A. L. ROWSE

It has deteriorated since 1914—Horace Wilson and Treasury Control must go. The men at the top are Yes Men. It is a stronghold of the Upper Middle Class, without the virtues of the worker, the aristocrat or the adventurer—its members are too old

WHAT is wrong with the Civil Service? is a question that has been agitating the minds of those in touch with government and concerned with public affairs for some time. It would have been even more to the point if they had got agitated rather earlier and done something about it sooner, before the war came down upon us. For now with a war on our hands which faces us with the greatest test in our history, we find ourselves with a Civil Service—after all the main instrument of government—which has considerably deteriorated since the last war, and has shown itself in late years, at least in its upper reaches, not up to its job. Sir William Beveridge, himself one of the great civil servants of his generation, tells us in a letter to *The Times* that in some ways departments were less well organised for war in 1939 than they were in 1914, while everybody in the know is aware of the decline in ability and aggressive energy at the top. Another great civil servant of former days described to me the deplorable effect the rule of yes-men has had over the past two decades, the age of Baldwin and Chamberlain—who appointed yes-men, who appointed other yes-men, who appointed other yes-men down to the third generation—so that never have I come across such a set of men who had no idea of getting anything done, and who wouldn't know how to get anything done, even if they had wanted to.

Since the war began, it is only fair to add, some steps have been taken to remedy this state of affairs. There has been inevitably a great expansion in the Civil Service; new men of great ability have been recruited for the duration of the war. But I do not know that there have been changes at the very top. In particular, the equivocal figure of Sir Horace Wilson—the partner of Neville Chamberlain in the deplorable policies of those last years which made the war inevitable, encouraged our enemies and lost us our friends—that man is still at the head of the Treasury, the most important post in the whole Civil Service, with a larger hand in making appointments than anybody else. I cannot understand why he is still there. Surely he could have been sent out to govern Malaya? He would have made a better job of it anyhow than Shenton Thomas did, and we should have been relieved of his presence at home.

It is the men at the top who matter. And at last we have a most revealing



LORD BRADBURY

SIR WARREN FISHER

book in which we who are outside and know nothing of what goes on in the upper reaches of government, can study the character and composition and the outlook of the extraordinarily small body of men who are quite unknown to the public and yet govern us from behind the scenes.[1] Of the half-million or so members of the Civil Service in peace-time, it is only a tiny fraction who count in the formation of policy: Mr. Dale estimates some 550 in all. These form the Higher Civil Service, which he investigates for our benefit. And out of that number there are no more than twenty to thirty men who exercise a decisive influence in forming, along with Ministers, the lines of policy and executing it. A sort of secret Cabinet behind the shifting kaleidoscope of the public one, the well-known array of public faces which come and go; with this difference that the high permanent officials may say, like Tennyson's brook, 'But we go on for ever'.

The usual pretence is that the civil servant has nothing to do with the framing of policy; it is his business merely to execute it. It is the sort of political cliché one may expect from a Horace Wilson. Not so Mr. Dale, who tells us explicitly and honestly: 'The most important function of the great permanent official is not to carry out decisions already taken by Ministers, but to advise them what decisions they should take.' And he goes on to say, what is obvious, that 'when the question at issue is a large question of policy not to be determined on facts and figures alone, the opinion even of a civil servant is not the product of an abstract intellect, but of a whole personality.'

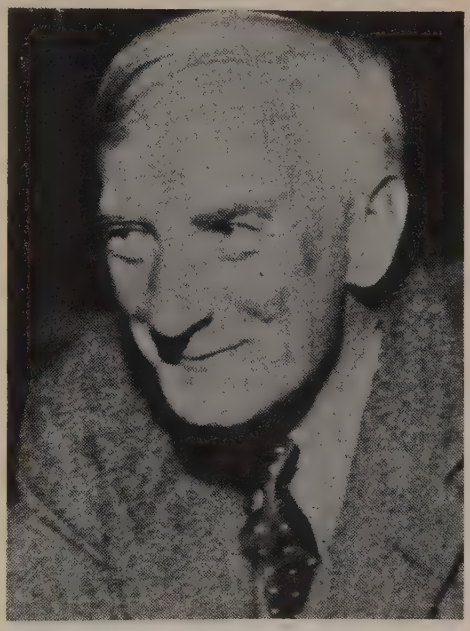
That being so, the social background

[1] H. E. Dale, *The Higher Civil Service of Great Britain*. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

and outlook of this handful of men who govern the country behind the scenes is a factor of the greatest importance in its political life. Mr. Dale gives us a most revealing analysis of their social origins and education, their daily life and what may be inferred of their outlook. It confirms what one had thought already: that these men belong almost wholly to the upper middle-class and incarnate in themselves the virtues (and the shortcomings) of that stratum of society. They are almost all public school and university men. Of eighty of the chiefs of the Civil Service, only two could be said to have started with an elementary school education.

One sees the Higher Civil Service then as a stronghold of the middle-class, sharing the prejudices and the failings of the middle-class, as well as its qualities. No wonder the great permanent officials find it easier to get on with a Conservative Government (Mr. Dale: 'For reasons to which I have already referred, it is probable that the state of beatitude is more often attained when a Conservative or National Government is in power'). And when we reflect that this country has been governed almost wholly for the past twenty years by a 'Conservative or National Government', then the Higher Civil Service has enjoyed a long period of beatitude. It cannot escape attention, when we consider who is responsible for the mess that this country has been landed in, that these 550 elderly, respectable upper middle-class gentlemen, the Higher Civil Service, have had their share in it. I do not know that they sounded any alarms, even discreet ones, about the course we were going on. No wonder Mr. Chamberlain was such a favourite with them; he was one of them, absolutely of them. With all their respectability, their

SIR HORACE WILSON



SIR WILLIAM HENRY BEVERIDGE

conscientiousness, their laboriousness, their devotion to duty, we cannot but recognise on the other side a certain timorousness, a collective fear based on a feeling of social insecurity, unimaginativeness, a blinkered devotion to routine without considering the great decisions which a country must make if it is to live in times of danger; in the end, an absence of that high courage which aristocrats possess, and adventurers are not wholly without. Chamberlain was their ideal, their favourite, be it noted; not Lloyd George nor Mr. Churchill.

What is wrong, then, with the Civil Service is something that is wrong with the middle-class and its nineteenth-century standards, in this period of its decadence and decline.

To this Mr. Dale adds an indictment of his own; it is obvious if you look between the lines of his chaste pages that he is disquieted. The Civil Service mind is one which is antithetical to action. Upright, fair—so far as it can be—impartial, it does not reach out to take responsibility and power—as bureaucrats are constantly accused of doing. Its instinct is rather to evade responsibility, to pass it on somewhere else, to shuffle it on to a committee, that irresistible resource in the complicated game of battledore and shuttlecock that goes on between Parliament and Civil Service in a Parliamentary democracy. Mr. Dale is quite clear that the responsibility for decisions must be made to sit fair and square upon the shoulders of some one person. In fact, we want more people of the calibre and type of Beveridge, Arthur Salter, E. F. Wise, Harold Butler, and fewer of the Horace Wilsons; and it is noteworthy that all the first four, great men in their way, left the Service while Sir Horace remained and got to the top. There must be something wrong.

There is a chapter on 'The Official Temper of Mind and Disposition', which is most revealing. The whole psychological pressure arising from their work is towards conciliation, compromise, collective conformity. It seems to me that they pay far too much attention to the complaints and difficulties, often trivial ones, which Members of Parliament spend so much of their time handing on from their constituencies. Any kind of Parliamentary business has first claim upon the civil servant's time; and far too much consideration is given normally to circumventing difficulties and objections that are hardly worth considering seriously—especially when what is wanted is more leadership, more ruthlessness, more decision. All that attitude arises partly from the nature of their work and partly from their creed. Mr. Dale has a most illuminating summing-up of the Civil Service creed, of which a foremost article is that 'There is much to be said on both sides of the question', and no doubt they proceed to say it in elaborate memoranda in the long-winded hieratic language, so non-committal and nicely evasive, which Mr. Churchill asked the Service to discard for the duration of the war. The truth is that very often there is *not* much to be said on both sides of the question, and what is wanted is a clear decision cutting the cackle and personal responsibility for it. The Civil Service creed seems to be that of a disillusioned liberalism, a deadening, if not a dead creed, sucking the vitality of those who continue to hold it in a world which belies its standards and very assumptions. (Mr. Dale, oddly enough, calls it Realism; but Realism means recognising the truth without being paralysed by it. And he himself pays tribute to the intellectual ascendancy of a dead creed over the minds of elderly

civil servants when he says that 'If the Liberal Party had the luck to find a man of genius—a Disraeli or a Gladstone—to be its leader, in ten years or less it might be in power again'. Anybody who can believe that simply doesn't understand the real facts and forces that operate in politics. The whole social foundations of Liberalism have collapsed in the contemporary world. No amount of genius can restore life to a corpse.)

All this relates rather to what is wrong in general with the Civil Service. But what is it that is wrong in particular at this present testing time?

There has in recent years been an enormous, an almost unbearable increase in the work of administration; the higher officials are shockingly overworked; hardly any of them has any time to think ahead. All the more reason to cut out whatever may occupy the time of important officials superfluously in correspondence or Parliamentary questions. Mr. Dale is of the opinion that a certain proportion of these officials show the effects of having overworked when young to get their footing in the Civil Service, and in middle age are prematurely tired. Too much importance has been attached to the examination system as a mode of entry. Mr. Dale says of the four outstanding men he has known in the Service, men remarkable for their energy, driving force and public zeal, not one of the four 'entered the Service by the ordinary portal of the Administrative Class examination'. That gives food for thought when we come to consider remedies. Sir Robert Morant, by universal acclaim the greatest civil servant of his time, a second creator of the Board of Education, and creator of the Ministry of Health, was a late recruit to the Service and did not enter by way of examination. And what a contrast that great man, with his iron resolution and single-minded determination, his constructive vision and tireless energy, was to the high official who expressed a heartfelt admiration for a distinguished Secretary of State (I think we can all recognise who; was he ever at the Home Office by any chance?) on the ground that he could 'always discover a reason for doing nothing which had not occurred to his permanent staff'.

That kind of mentality is responsible for our being where we are today. And it goes without saying that a totally different mentality is what is required of the Civil Service in the crisis of the war. Yet it is at this very time, Mr. Dale tells us, that the effect of the last war upon the personnel of the Civil Service, in loss of men, in wastage due to physical overstrain, etc., is at its maximum. There is further the age question. Anything under sixty, he tells us, is a moderate age for a modern Cabinet Minister. It is disgraceful, when one considers that Pitt and Fox were Secretaries of State at 23, and things went far better with us then than they do today. The fact that our politicians are too old is one of the prime causes of our decadence as a nation. And, of course, the highest permanent officials keep pace with their opposite numbers of the public Cabinet; they are all between fifty and sixty, usually nearer sixty than not.

But a further factor peculiar to the Civil Service has been responsible for a marked decline in initiative, in independence of mind and willingness to assume responsibility: the extension of Treasury control over the other departments. Since the last war the Treasury, as a sort of establishment office having control over the purse-strings of the other departments, has used its position to extend its control over personnel and

Officers receiving and weighing coin at the Exchequer
A.D. 1130–1174

appointments throughout the rest of the Service; and the Head of the Treasury has come to occupy a quite unconstitutional, but enormously influential position, as virtual Head of the Civil Service. In every other department the Treasury has its little gang of fifth-columnists: a kind of deadhand so far as departmental initiative and independence are concerned, by no means dead where appointments are in question. As for remedies, the first thing to do is to remove the dead hand of the Treasury upon the other departments, and restore them their independence. I would add to that, removing the present Head of the Treasury, that permanent reminder of the humiliations of the Munich period.

For the rest, it is fairly clear from the above diagnosis of what is wrong, what our remedies should be. I began by saying that a great many new men of ability and drive have come into the Service from outside for the duration of the war. They should be given the posts their abilities merit without any question of seniority. The younger they are the better. And it is to be hoped that the State will be able to retain the services of some of them at least after the war. Let them take the places of the elderly men who are too tired and not up to their jobs. The post-war period will be a time of difficult adjustments and reconstruction not less arduous for the Service than the war itself. It is to be hoped that the opportunity will be taken to bring in men of ability and drive from outside, by appointment, and by-passing the routineers of the past two decades. During that discouraging period there was a notable drift of some of the ablest men away from the Service, into business or service abroad. I hardly think that business will have the same attractions after this war as it had after the last. So there may be the men available, if they are properly made use of, to belie Mr. Dale's depressing prognostication: 'If we can judge from the experience of the last war, it is probable that when the tempest is over the permanent Civil Service will emerge from the waters not fundamentally altered from what it was before the floods covered it.' In my view it will need new men at the top, and a new spirit infused throughout it, in sympathy with the creative tasks of a new social order, if it is to take its proper part in the gigantic work of reconstruction awaiting it.

The Guard Room

by MICHAEL WITCOMB

The adventures of an 'attending man' among the trespassers against the King's Regulations make amusing and amazing reading, especially as described by Michael Witcomb

It is a flimsy building: the walls of one brick thickness, the roof of corrugated iron, the door of the prisoners' cell secured only by a Woolworth padlock. The windows are barred, and whenever you pass them you hear whistles and whispered shouts of 'Oi, chummy! 'Ere a minute—oi!' Shock-headed khaki figures cling to the bars like monkeys, grinning out at you, wanting to talk to someone. They watch all that goes on outside: they know what's afoot before anyone else.

The prisoners always seem to be merry round-faced little men with innocent eyes: most are middle-aged. Old soldiers, old lags. One, however, is a conchie with sandy hair and freckles on his deathly pale skin; barely nineteen; silent, invulnerably mild, with a core of secret faith. He is in civvies: he refused to put on uniform when he arrived six weeks ago. The authorities don't know what to do with him: King's Regulations provide no exact precedent for his case. He reads the Bible all day long, and writes incessantly: he is apparently at work on a book. You never see *his* face at the window. Others look outside; he gazes steadfastly within himself.

I am Attending Man. I fetch food, cigarettes and blankets for the Main Guard, and also (but don't tell anyone) relieve the Guard Commander when he wants to snatch an hour's sleep.

One of the prisoners—a bombardier who lost his stripes and pay for being drunk, disorderly and absent without leave—steals two of my blankets. I can't prove he's taken them; and he unblushingly sells them back to me for five Woodbines, the only cigarettes he has had for a fortnight.

The man in the corner with the steel-grey hair and eyes wants to go out. I march him to the latrines to make sure he doesn't escape. Tough, wiry, good-looking—and confiding.

'I'm not a scholar,' he murmurs in a Tyneside brogue, 'but I consider maself a decent working sort. I've a right to a fair hearing, haven't I? Well, I'm a sea-faring man. Twelve years in the Merchant Service.' His gaze wanders to the sea; for our barrack square was once the promenade of a coastal resort. 'I'm on the reserve—but do they send for me? Not on your life. They chuck me into the ruddy Army. I ask for a transfer. What result? Damn-all. Me, with five times the experience of some of the kids that's going to sea now! I tell you, it takes the heart out of you, mate.' He stares fascinated at green waves breaking under black rainclouds. 'Can't you see, chum? It's *pullin'* me all the time. That's why I've got to get out of here. The Colonel don't listen to me 'cos I dirtied my ticket. Told him straight, I did—"I'll walk out one o' these days, same as I did before, and something'll drag me to a port, spite of maself. I wasn't made for the army", I says, "and I won't stay in it. . . ."'

Every prisoner has some secret bitterness, real or unreal, against the Army.

'Take Roberts his supper,' growls Sergeant Perrett, the Guard Commander.

I pause and listen carefully outside the door before entering the solitary-confinement room. I can hear Roberts grunting to himself inside. He's doing physical jerks. He wears P.T. kit all day and trains himself for his next getaway. They can't stop him. At night they used to handcuff him to a huge lump of railway-line: you heard the thing rumbling and clanking every time he turned over on his palliasse. Then he discovered how to use it as a battering ram. . . .

You can't take risks with Roberts. He's escaped three times, and is still waiting to be court martialled for the first time. Everybody has forgotten what his original offence was. Probably lost his temper with a bullying N.C.O. and struck him. It generally happens like that. Once you get a bad name in the Army you're finished. N.C.O.s pick on you. You fall into a dark silent pit of resentment: you think only of revenge and escape. Many a man has got Glass-house (military prison) through a chain of misdemeanours arising out of some trivial starting-point. And Glass-house is the nearest approach to a concentration camp we have in this country.

Frankly I'm scared of Roberts. He was perfectly normal, no criminal record, when he joined up. Seeing his small smooth, smiling Welsh face and over-bright blue eyes as I open the door, I have the instinctive uneasiness of being in the presence of the Insane.

Roberts has a touch of demented genius. An escapologist. Stimulated by freedom, he is a miraculous runner. Every time you march him to the lavatory you must handcuff him: that's how he beat it last time. Even if we were allowed to shoot at him, he would elude us. We've had the whole camp, 3,000

men, searching for him half an hour after he's got free, but it often takes a week to find him. Once he tricked us by hiding only 200 yards away in the rocks at Cardinal's Point. Another morning he hitch-hiked 140 miles clad only in gym-shorts, was arrested and returned in the Colonel's own car by nightfall.

You see, Roberts has one fatal weakness. He is madly in love with his wife, devoted to his two kids. His wife plays around with someone else while he's in the Army. Whenever he escapes, he makes his way back home. Just as the Tyneside escaper always goes to a port, the sea being *his* wife. Put two cops on Roberts's front door, and he'll always walk straight into their arms.

'Hallo, Chum!' he grins. 'Don't worry, I shan't run away while you're on guard. You and Perrett was always decent to me.' Handcuffs clink as he takes the plate of food.

'He needs a shave, Sarge,' I say to Perrett, as I lock the door.

'We took his razor away,' grunted Perrett. 'And his braces. You heard he tried to hang himself last week? Tryin' to get sympathy. That stuff about you and me being decent to him—it's a danger signal, me boy.'

Sergeant Perrett knows plenty about escapes. He himself broke a German Stalag four days before Armistice 1918. He's been interviewed by pressmen about it ever since. He shows me a tattered copy of *Great War Yarns*: 'How I diddled Jerry, by Bdr. Perrett'. He shows it to all first-timers on guard. I read it dutifully as darkness falls.

Every two hours the Marching Relief changes the guard. The reliefs huddle on the cold stone floor in their great-coats, using rolled gas-capes for pillows. They snore. The prisoners play nap restlessly, and occasionally whine for cigarettes. I see them through the open door. The Conchie kneels and says his prayers; Perrett guffaws and scrapes up the remains of the shepherds-pie we had for supper.

About 3 a.m. Perret yawns and scratches his cropped silver head. Old soldier: tired old soldier. 'Goin' to have forty winks. Wake the cooks at 4.15 and gimme a shake at half-past. Keep your ears skinned for Roberts: see someone else is awake when you go out for the cooks.'

Perrett lies on the table without bothering to take off his tin hat, and snores snottily.

I strain my eyes over *How I Diddled Jerry* and remember nothing more. A long time later it is Perrett kicking my shoulder and swearing like a cesspit. 'Roberts has hopped it again, the ——!'

'Roberts is out . . . out again . . . poor bleeder, he'll get 365 days for sure. . . .' The whole camp knows by breakfast-time. The Major rings up the 'drome and has an Army Co-op 'plane diving over the countryside looking for him. The whole camp turns out for the day with haversack rations to seek him, secretly hoping not to find him. We comb the sand-dunes, fields, cliffs. I'm more scared than ever, since I fell asleep and let him get away; but it's poor old Perrett who'll land in the filth—the Guard Commander alone is responsible. He'll be court martialled, probably lose his stripes. We hold a barrack-room conference to help prepare his defence. Roberts, the little devil, will somehow get the court's sympathy with those blue eyes of his, he always does.

No, not this time. The Merchant Service man's mistress has got him. Gunner Roberts lies on the wet beach. There's a lanyard twisted round his neck to clinch the matter.

A Young Irishman's View of Neutrality

by J. P. COMYN
English-educated Irish Journalist

The Editor has always thought that Eire should come in on the side of world freedom. But he thinks this article interesting and sincere

To give an accurate account of conditions in a country, especially in wartime, it is necessary to know the place intimately. The curse of modern journalism is 'the flying visitor'. He has nowhere been more misleading than in Ireland. A few days in Dublin is *not* sufficient background for an article on contemporary life and opinion in Eire. And in the interests of all concerned this method of collecting 'impressions' for widely-read papers should stop. Indeed, it has always puzzled me that both English and Irish really know so little about such a controversial question. In history, and even more in geography, this ignorance is too often noticeable. For instance, how many English readers know the names or even approximate locations of the much-discussed ports? Have *you* before now ever heard of Cobh (Cove), Berehaven, Lough Swilly or Foynes Airport? Even on simple questions such as the populations of Eire and Northern Ireland (approximately three millions and one million respectively; twenty-six counties and six) I have often found a surprising ignorance—and many Irishmen could be asked corresponding questions about Britain with the same deplorable result.

As an Irishman just returned here from a long visit home I propose to give facts and not my opinions. First, as to Eire's policy of neutrality. This has the support of over 90 per cent of the people. Yet pro-Axis sympathy is negligible. A purely personal assessment would be 70 per cent pro-Ally, 15 per cent in favour of stalemate, 5 per cent undecided and 10 per cent pro-Axis. Why then, you may ask, is Eire neutral? The answer is: chiefly because of Partition. In the six counties (misnamed Ulster, since three Ulster counties are in Eire) one-third of the population is Nationalist (Tyrone, Fermanagh, South Down and parts of Londonderry), as witness the anti-conscription agitation last year. Eire sympathises with this minority, and the general feeling is that religious discrimination exists in the North. So the Allies are, as in India, being judged by their attitude to this native problem. When the Boundary Revision suggested for 1925 did not take place, neutrality in a world-war was inevitable. The policy is now supported by the Cosgrave party, the old pro-Treaty party which lost power to De Valera in 1932. New-found independence and a belief that this war is a case of 'every man for himself' are

subsidiary, but important, reasons for neutrality.

The firm 'no surrender' attitude over the ports was a necessary consequence of neutrality, and feeling is overwhelmingly in favour of resisting any forcible attempts at taking them.

Last year Eire began to realise that neutrality is not luxury. The possibility of acute food and fuel shortage, still a grave danger, made the whole country, thrown upon native resources as it is to a large extent, conscious of the vital necessity of getting the most from the land. Fortunately foot and mouth disease, after almost a year of widespread infection, was at last got under control, and cattle shipping has been resumed.

Despite the appearance of prosperity the position in Eire is really serious. Coal is very short, and there will soon probably be none for private use. There has been a muddle, particularly in the cities, regarding turf, the native substitute. Electricity and gas are greatly curtailed, and early shop closing has been introduced. In country districts, paraffin and candles are strictly rationed. Transport is becoming increasingly difficult because of petrol shortage, and many buses are running on crude oil. The trains have been much disorganised because of the lack of good coal.

Agricultural produce is naturally plentiful, but general rationing is to be adopted. The half-ounce ration of tea and the generous ration of sugar are likely to be cut down; there is no white bread, despite compulsory tillage, and fruit, cereals and almost all important imported food are virtually unobtainable. Tobacco, too, has become as scarce as over here.

An extraordinary thing about Eire at present is the sudden death of political feeling. Politics became meaningless in the face of common danger, and there is now more unity than ever before. Eire is, however, a depressed country: apprehensive and rather bewildered. Social life bears all the marks of forced gaiety; business has suffered considerably, also the professions, and litigation very noticeably! Taxation is, of course, high, and incomes are not on anything like the same scale as here. The rise in prices, therefore, hits a comparatively poor country very badly.

There are two further topics I should touch upon. First, the Axis 'Embassies'. A great deal of nonsense has been written about them: and though I have seen a few instances of their subtle and insidious propaganda, their importance has been greatly over-estimated. Secondly, a few words on emigration from Eire. The numbers of young men leaving to work here became so alarming that the Government brought in new regulations and a reasonable control was imposed. However, there are many Irishmen now in the British Forces and in work of national importance, and many to come. Their determination to see Britain victorious is undoubted, and most of them wish to see that happen without involving Ireland in the war. It's paradoxical, but it's Irish. They feel exactly the same as the majority of the people at home.

That is Eire now. For the future, let us be sensible, not carried away by alarmist, misleading articles, as harmful as they are ill-considered. Eire is neutral, intends to resist any attack, and with her new-found independence bears less animosity to this country than ever before. I repeat—90 per cent are for neutrality, and at the same time 70 per cent are pro-Ally.

Why am I Browned off?

by J. L. BENVENISTI

Fatigue, once a personal matter and the main theme of patent food advertisements, has become a national concern

If you ask an ordinary man of good intelligence to define fatigue he would probably give one of several definitions. He might simply say 'fatigue is a reduced capacity for doing things', or perhaps, 'fatigue is a rather imposing word which we use to describe the frequently observed fact that people at some times have less energy and less inclination for their tasks than at others.'

'But,' you would say, 'that is not a *scientific* explanation. It does not tell us the cause, or essence of the thing we call fatigue.' You would be quite right. But the fact remains that in point of actual definition no scientist could do any better than the ordinary man. Working capacity is inhibited from such a large number of causes that it is no more possible for a scientist to give a general explanation of that inhibition than it is possible for him to answer the question 'Why do people travel to Reading?'

Actually this has not been realised till fairly recently, for there is one form of work inhibition that is so common, so frequently and so vividly experienced that there was an instinctive tendency to regard all forms of work inhibition as following the same or some analogous set of laws. We are all acquainted with muscular fatigue. We know that if we do any form of hard physical work it is after a time more and more difficult to go on and soon we are compelled to stop altogether.

Now when we do physical work lactic acid is formed in the muscles and the blood. This acid, if present beyond a certain limit, has the effect of preventing further muscular activity, and since muscular fatigue has this fairly simple chemical basis, many people once believed that all forms of work inhibition and energy loss constituted a purely chemical problem. Expert researchers, to do them justice, never went quite as far astray as that. But even in that important field of inquiry called Industrial Psychology, which among other things seeks out the causes that raise and lower the output of industrial workers, the problem tended to be hopelessly over-simplified.

Thus even as recently as twenty years ago hopes which have since proved quite unfounded were placed in the laboratory test. Fatigue, pretty well any kind of fatigue that is to say, was conceived as a specific, though not yet fully comprehended, condition arising in the individual organism by reason of that organism's own activity, and varying in different sets of circumstances. It was therefore looked upon as something that could be observed and measured in the laboratory.

But towards the middle 'twenties opinion began to change. Industrial psychologists began to feel that, largely as the result of the tyranny of a word, they were not so much following a false

scent as chasing a non-existent animal, that, in the words of Professor Elton Mayo of the Harvard College of Business Administration, it was 'too fatally easy to conclude that because we have a word "fatigue" there must be a simple thing or fact that corresponds with it.'

This does not mean, of course, that we are not expressing a perfectly real idea when we say that we are tired, or fed up or 'browned off'. It means that the reasons for our feeling that way, or for our being unable to keep up our output, are so enormously complex and varied that it is quite unscientific to label such states with a single word.

One of the results of this realisation was that the Industrial Fatigue Board, which had grown out of Mr. Lloyd George's old Health of Munition Workers Committee, changed its name. It became the Industrial Health Research Board and remains so till this day. Yet much more is involved here than a change of name. The whole method and field of inquiry was widened out of all recognition.

But though the complexity of the problem is now appreciated, though such factors as home and economic circumstance, the presence of small and often unconscious irritants and a score of others are now all recognised as having their effect on industrial efficiency, we may venture on one broad generalisation. The sustained efficiency of the worker depends more perhaps than on anything else on his successful integration in the working life of the group. His relation to his work, to his mates and to his superiors must form part of a pattern into which he feels himself even unconsciously to fit. There must be a positive and satisfied 'group consciousness'. That is probably the main key of the problem

Lunch-time entertainment of factory workers by ENSA

and it is quite possible that it is neither the physiologist nor the psychologist but rather the anthropologist who, with his studies of communal life and communal activity, may have most light to throw upon this matter.

It is certainly helpful if this 'pattern' into which we want the worker to fit can be made consciously purposive, so that both group and individual know exactly how their particular bit of work fits into a general scheme, the exact reason for its urgency and so on. To a limited extent the celebrated 'Dunkirk spurt' illustrated this. The workers had some idea of the part that each was playing and knew how vital it was. They worked impossible hours. The authorities expected them to maintain the pace for about a month. In some cases they maintained it for nearly three.

An equally interesting, though perhaps less dramatic illustration of this truth is provided by certain experiments carried out at the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company of

America. Five girls were asked to volunteer to work in an experimental room where they would be subjected to efficiency tests under varying conditions. The work done was the assembling of a fairly simple piece of electrical apparatus, but every few weeks changes were made, such as the introduction of different kinds of rest pauses and also changes in the methods of pay. The experiments were carried on over a period of five years and the girls' output rose continuously. Towards the end of the period rest pauses were for a short time abolished and conditions approximating to the original ones were reverted to by way of test, but the amazing thing is that output did not fall.

What was the reason for this? It was undoubtedly the sense that the girls had gained of fitting into a scheme. They had themselves taken great interest in the experiment. They had frequently been visited by high company executives and talked to them and were as keen on getting the data as the executives themselves. They had a heightened self-feeling and a sense of 'belonging'.

We must, however, beware of overestimating the function of the intellect and of intellectual interest in this matter (and it is not wholly irrelevant in this connection to utter a word of warning concerning the nonsense talked about the horrors of repetitive and monotonous work, which *if there are no other factors making for unbalance*, the average mass production worker does not dislike at all). Intellectual co-operation is one among several factors and in the Hawthorne experiment there was another factor operating. It was the circumstance that the girls in the experimental room became very intimate with one another and frequently visited each other's homes. The whole group thus became an organic unit and this fact undoubtedly contributed powerfully to its efficiency.

Incidentally the Hawthorne experiment should teach us something of the real effect of rest pauses which is often somewhat misunderstood. Their purely physical value is probably quite negligible. The tonic effect of changing the focus of attention is certainly useful, but probably far greater usefulness resides in the social opportunities they afford. The worker has a chance to joke or have a chat with those next to him. A contact is thus established and some help is given the shop in developing an organic life of its own. It is significant that it generally takes some months for output to increase after rest pauses have been introduced.

The effect of music is very similar. It is certainly a tonic to the individual but it tends also to make a contact between the various workers in a shop and give them a sense of oneness. Music in fact socialises a workshop.

If it be asked whether industry has developed in the last few years an exact or scientific approach to these matters, the answer, it is feared, must be largely negative. Men and women are still looked upon too much as isolated machines, requiring fuel, light and ventilation, machines which run down and can then be wound up again. Until that whole attitude is changed we shall continue to battle unsuccessfully with so-called 'fatigue' problems and our output will remain well below its potential maximum.

We MUST Have a Foreign Legion

by GEORGE EDINGER

George Edinger thinks that we are wantonly wasting the energy, the enthusiastic support and even fanatical fervour, of those who know war and Hitler better than we do ourselves

We should raise a Foreign Legion at once; assemble it in Canada under British and Dominion officers and send it overseas as soon as ever we can. We should throw it open to the men of all nations who have fought the battle of Freedom on a hundred battlefields since the coming of Hitler. We must enlist right away the Spaniards and Catalans and Basques, the men of the International Brigade who saved Madrid; the Austrians, all those Minorities from Czechoslovakia who—democrats but not Czechs—feel themselves uneasy under Czech command, and have no resource save the Pioneer Corps. We must gather in the Germans, Hungarians and Italians (of whom there are thousands) who risked their lives and staked their liberty to fight our battle before we saw that it was ours. We should open wide its ranks to the men from the restive Balkan lands that the Axis has overrun, for they are the finest fighting stock in the world.

We are too late to brigade the anxious thousands in both Americas who have pressed forward to fight Hitler in the British Army, in any army, often paying their passages over to Europe and nearly always being snubbed for their pains by unimaginative jacks in Whitehall offices. Hitler knows better. Not long ago he roped off half Oslo to recruit a Northland Regiment to serve against Britain. He failed, but at least he went on trying. He has scraped the Continent to colour his lie about an army of all peoples against Bolshevism. He screamed over Radio Paris that '"The Europeans" were approaching the suburbs of Moscow' way back in July. Time and again he broadcast the names of the commanders of the various volunteer Legions that were to swell his army, which notoriety those gentlemen may live long enough (but only just long enough) to regret rather bitterly. But whom exactly they command, besides that undoubtedly gallant volunteer who enlisted to get a shot at Laval, has not yet been revealed.

And all the time Britain, which by simply inserting a three-line notice in one American newspaper could have conjured up an army the like of which has not been seen since Godfrey de Bouillon led the first Crusaders to Jerusalem, mulishly refuses to do what Hitler would give half his conquests to achieve. We can call a crusade (and what a crusade!) in the name of all that man has honoured most for twenty centuries. They will be such magnificent fighters, these crusader legionaries. They will combine all the toughness of the Foreign Legion with

the fervour of the International Brigade. And how they want to fight! The recruiting offices were deluged at the outbreak of this war, and for months before it, with resident aliens pathetically eager to enlist. Their offers were all snappily declined. We were particularly rude to the three toughest Asturian dynamiters, when they said that they had stopped the Panzers once and would like to have another try. A fire of devotion to Britain burned in a hundred thousand hearts, and a few clerks in Whitehall contrived to damp it down. Spanish Republicans who had been through the Narvik campaign with the French Foreign Legion were told they could do demolition work or nothing. A Habsburg who wanted to join up was informed (this time politely) that he could not even be an air-raid warden. A young Rumanian, after escaping in a home-made sailing boat from falling France, was gaoled the moment he appeared at the recruiting station by somebody who could not (and I imagine still cannot) understand why, being a neutral, any Rumanian should object to Hitler. The son of a Kerensky minister who has lived here ever since he was twelve was permitted to do A.R.P. work after his tenth application on the understanding that he should have no equipment and keep away from lectures; and an Italian Liberal, after twice taking his motor-boat over to Dunkirk, was hauled off to an internment camp.

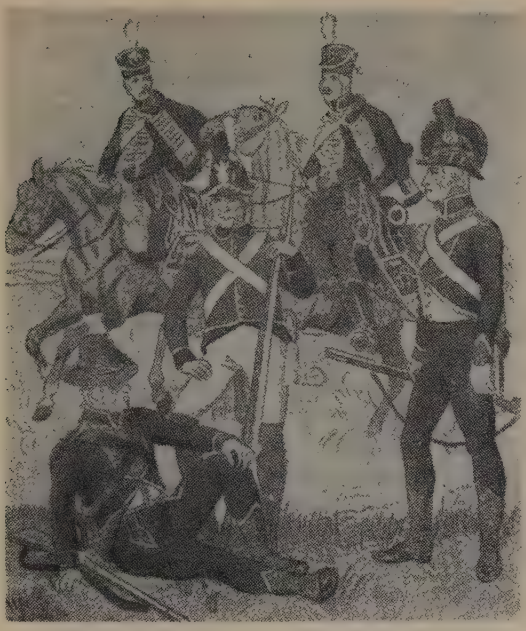
Despite the Secretary of State's assurance that there was nothing to stop aliens joining the British Army, the ones who were eventually let in have all been herded into the Pioneer Corps without arms and, mostly brain workers though they are, have been put to plying picks and shovels without hope of promotion or active service. It is a reserve of skill, energy and talent that we are wantonly throwing away, and criminally.

Two companies of Austrian and German refugees, mostly Jews, were overtaken by the Panzers near Dunkirk. Rifles were issued to them; they faced the enemy, and many of them escaped. Yet on landing in England they were promptly disarmed and set to clear up the ruins of the Blitz.

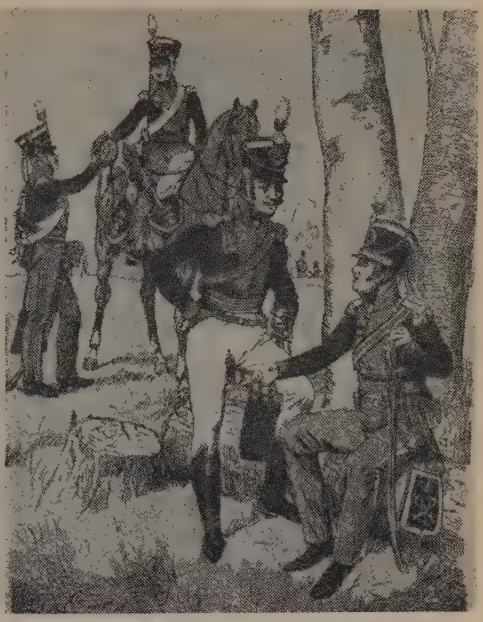
Every suggestion that we should in common decency and from common sense give recognition to these men who have taken all the drudgery and danger of the soldier's calling with none of its honourable appurtenances has been rejected. When Mr. Morrison was last asked whether he would form a Foreign Legion from refugees in this country, he said that he was not sure if the refugees would welcome the move. If he was not sure, why, in the name of reason, did he not make sure?

It was not very difficult, because somebody with every reason to know immediately told everybody who would listen to him that the refugees had in fact been clamouring for a Foreign Legion ever since the war began, and even before it. Anybody who read the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express*, or more particularly the Free German newspaper, *Die Zeitung*, had known that for the last eighteen months. The man who answered Morrison, Lieutenant-Colonel Kahle, formerly of the Imperial German Army, a professional soldier of pre- (last) war days, is the Commander-in-Chief of the immortal International Brigade, the mainspring of the Spanish Republican Army. Yet we won't use him.

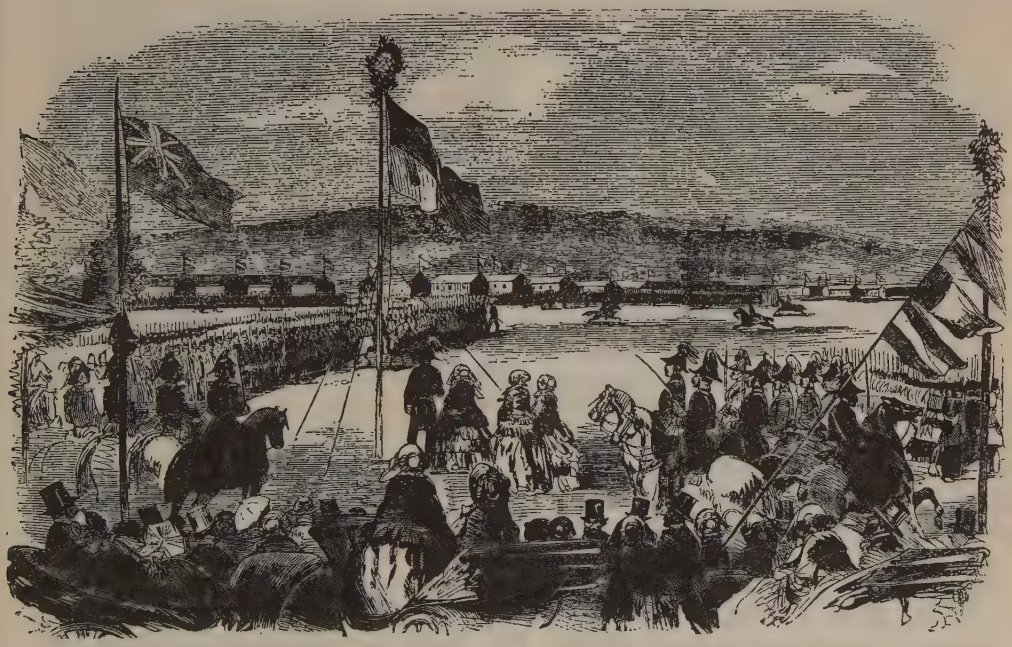
Colonel Kahle said, with slightly more emphasis than ever had been used before (his experiences as a suspected Fascist, interned first in Britain and later in



Beon Hussar *Hompesch Hussar*
Broglie Grenadier
Beon Light Infantry *Hompesch Light Infantry*
French Refugee Troops in British Service, 1795



Dragoons *Officers*
1st and 2nd Light Dragoons *1st and 2nd Light Dragoons*
The British Royal German Legion, 1814



Queen Victoria inspects the British Swiss Legion, commanded by Colonel Hans Sulzberger, at Shorncliffe, August 1855

Canada, having doubtless worn out his patience), that the refugees would welcome a Legion so much that he was ready to recruit from the word go. He addressed a packed meeting of his countrymen, and even he was astonished to discover the enthusiasm for a Free German Corps that exists even among those Jewish refugees whose interest in things German, whether Free or otherwise, he pardonably imagined would have evaporated.

But the episode of Kahle is only one facet of a wide, a world-wide, sense of frustration and disappointment among many thousands of our best and potentially most useful friends. For, as Hitler has realised, and we have not, this is a war which, outside Britain, cuts clean across National loyalties. The many who are on our side are desperate at being so consistently thwarted, while the minority all over Europe who are against us are being played up by Hitler for all the little that they are worth.

The most popular of Bulgarian leaders to-day is undoubtedly the Peasant chief Todoroff. His career is enough to make him the most popular man anywhere. When they set up a committee of Russo-American collaboration in the United States last summer he was unanimously chosen chairman, although he is neither an American nor a Russian. For Todoroff has already been condemned to death by five Governments and has just heard of his sentence by a sixth. As it was, in every instance, the Government that died and not Todoroff (among his would-be executioners were two Sultans and one Czar), and as the sixth to condemn him is Adolf Hitler, this record is encouraging as well as inspiring. A constant fighter for Democracy, Todoroff took to the mountains at sixteen to carry on a guerrilla war against the Turks. When the Germans took over his country in the last war he escaped to the Western Front, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and rose to captain in record time. Post-war Democracy lifted him to a Portfolio of State. Fascist reaction sent him on his travels once more. Now his only wish is to fight again. When I hinted at an International Legion of Democrats in the British Service he was so carried away that he jumped up and shook my hand in a crowded restaurant. It was, I gather, the nearest thing to encouragement that he has received in Britain to date.

Colonel Mavrodi, of the Rumanian Royal Guard, is probably the only Rumanian to wear the D.S.O. He won it on the Western Front in the last war, after the Government of his country had signed a shameful Peace. At considerable cost and great danger he made his way over here when Carol sold out in the spring.

In London there were, and are, a body of Rumanian Democrats pledged to take up arms (not spades) for us as soon as they are allowed to. From them Mavrodi got sympathy and support. In official quarters he found some sympathy, but not much. There are hundreds like him: the Austrians, for instance, of all opinions from Monarchist to Communist, all struggling to get that recognition for their country which would encourage the many Austrian Patriots conscripted into the German Armies to become an armed fifth column, capable of disintegrating the Nazi Armies from within, precisely as the Czechs broke up the forces of the Dual Monarchy in 1917. There are, also, the free and much disheartened Hungarians.

If we could only muster the infinitesimal spark of imagination necessary to let these allies take up arms for

us, we would have an indefinite and infinitely expanding force of first-rate fighting men. That would be the least advantage we should gain. The supreme value of the New Army lies in its message to all the peoples unwillingly chained to the Axis, and by no means least to our Italian friends (who are not, as the Foreign Office wishfully think, Fascist fascinated princelings), a message of assurance that they could range themselves with Democracy and remain good patriots: that the golden future they dream of as free citizens in their liberated lands is theirs for the doing of a little highly attractive sabotage against that hated voracious enemy with whom their utterly unrepresentative Governments have made friends.

But the War Office does not approve. It is not because they seriously imagine that these people might include a few fifth columnists. For if there *were* fifth columnists among the refugees the safest place for them would be in a Foreign Legion and not along the byways of Golders Green. In point of fact there have been no recorded cases of fifth column work among the enemy aliens, any more than in France's Foreign Legion or Spain's International Brigade. There were certainly none in those pioneer companies that fought so well in France.

It is simply that the War Office has, at the moment, a prejudice against Foreign Legions, just as a few decades ago they had a bone-headed prejudice in their favour.

When Lord Croft was asked in the House, in 1941, why he did nothing to raise a Foreign Legion, he said it was because he wanted a properly equipped Home Guard. When the Duke of Cambridge was asked in 1852 why he did nothing to encourage a volunteer corps, he said it was because he wanted a Foreign Legion. These converse *non sequiturs* were inspired by an equal mulishness that defied the lessons of past experience. For we have had Foreign Legions. The last was raised, oddly enough, from German exiled democrats. In 1855 it was embodied to fight in the Crimea. At the end of that war many of the men were granted land in Cape Colony, where they became the most loyal supporters of the Imperial Connection.

Before then we had the King's German Legion. It went through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns with Wellington and provided the British Army with its first regiments of Hussars. Their recruits came from the Germany Napoleon had overrun. After the French Revolution Britain raised several regiments of French Royalists which did magnificent service on the Channel and Mediterranean coasts. At various periods in the last century we have enrolled corps of American Loyalists, Neapolitans, Swiss and Greek Mountaineers. In fact, the ability of Gibraltar to withstand the epic siege of 1779 was largely due to the courage and devotion of a Foreign Legion.

But these are days for something on a more spacious scale. This democratic force would be the nucleus for Free Armies of all Nations, destined to take their places alongside the Free Armies already embattled in our Cause. It is a vision not less splendid because it is immediately practical, so practical, in fact, that if we delay much longer in implementing it, we shall see it realised by Russia under the ensign, not of Western Democracy, but of Soviet Internationalism.

And how will the War Office like that?

'Mr. Bernard Shaw talking to Dr. Samuel Johnson' in C. B. Cochran's 'Wake Up and Dream'

Are Writers Jealous?

by PAUL TABORI

Are they enriched by contact with other great men, or do they shun their society and distrust their influence?

LITERARY and artistic jealousy is hardly less general than jealousy in love. Perhaps it does not deserve the name of 'the green-eyed monster'; perhaps it is no monster at all—but ever since there was art and literature in the world there has been suspicion and reserve among authors and artists. Boswell and Johnson, Goethe and Schiller were outstanding exceptions proving the rule. The fruitful and beautiful literary friendship of Goethe and Schiller brought fresh powers to the surface in both personalities. Both partners gained by it; mutual understanding meant mutual strengthening.

But this is a rare, perhaps even an unnatural phenomenon. The professional writer lives and moves so much in his own, special, secluded world that he is afraid of any foreign influence, any outside effect. He is anxious for his self-assured, self-sufficient personality, anxious to avoid every breach, even every crack.

It is a well-known fact that Ibsen read very little. Bernard Shaw has declared several times that an author should only read while he is young; when he has reached maturity he should study life and write his works. Every writer carries the great world in his own soul and lives in the faith that even in his confined space he can experience everything human and divine; he does not see a rival in the other writer, but a disruptive, disturbing, destructive influence.

Plato, the philosopher, and Xenophon, the historian, wrote about the same subject, immortal Socrates. Plato, who was of distinguished descent, a cool and self-possessed man of letters, sublimated his jealousy by avoiding any mention of Xenophon. The extremely amiable historian simply did not exist for him. Xenophon, on the other hand, lacked this gentlemanly reserve—he continuously inserted small, sly digs at Plato and embroidered every small and insignificant piece of gossip he could collect concerning the great philosopher.

Aristotle, a much wiser man, was also of a much more complex nature, and as a pupil of Plato was able to vindicate himself with the excuse Frenchmen express so wittily: *il a l'excuse de l'ingratitude*. The Frenchmen are right. Gratitude is an obligation of which most people try to free themselves. Whoever sins out of ingratitude is less wicked than those who commit a crime without any reason. Gratitude is Aristotle's excuse when he shams fondness for Plato, whom he frankly thought to be a stumbling block in his path. By the same reasoning Aristotle wanted to appear original even where he borrowed from Plato, and was willing to risk contradiction rather than acknowledge the superiority of his master. Not even in questions of detail was he prepared to do this.

Corneille, the 'father of French tragedy' was a very old man, close to the grave when he was visited by Racine, who asked for the master's opinion on his first work. Corneille's reply was brief and shattering. Racine should never write tragedies; he had no aptitude for such a lofty task. It would be a mistake to see in this pure envy or antipathy. Corneille *did* read Racine's tragedy and did not like it. It would have been impossible for him to like it, as it was so different from his own works. Corneille could not see anything in it except the antithesis of his own creations, the denial of his own talent. Thus he was forced into a rigid negation and reserve.

Voltaire spoke whenever occasion offered in a belittling way about the majestic tragedies of Corneille, the perfect music of Racine's style, the passion and fire of Crébillon—briefly, of all the qualities which these dramatists of his nation possessed in an outstanding degree.

Leibnitz despised Locke, and wanted to upset Newton's theory of gravity —although he knew for certain that it was an epoch-making discovery. Behind the passion of the philosopher human jealousy was at work.

Then there is Boccaccio. When he wrote his book on Dante in Italian (this was the first study of Dante) Boccaccio sent it to Petrarch. The hot-blooded author of the sonnets to Laura sent an icy reply. He was not interested in the book, he said, as he was preparing himself a work on Dante in Italian and would not like to expose himself to the charge of plagiarism. The most interesting statement in his reply was that he did not consider Dante a greater poet than himself. According to Petrarch he possessed, compared to himself, the single undeniable advantage

that he was the *first* Italian poet to dare to write in his native language. But was this really such a great merit? asks Petrarch, who stated clearly of himself that he was the greatest poet of Italy, therefore the greatest in the world.

GOTTFRIED LEIBNITZ, 1646–1716
Discovered the Infinitesimal Calculus but wanted to upset Newton's Theory of Gravity

Isaac Disraeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield, and himself a writer, makes the interesting observation that such jealousy can be caused not only by hate but also by despair. One writer or artist realises that *another* is better than himself and is unable to resign himself to this discovery. Jonathan Swift even confessed in verse that Pope was a better poet than he—but it hurt him to admit it. He put the pertinent question: 'is there a poet who is not hurt to see that a fellow poet writes just as well as he does?' Swift was great enough to admit his own weakness and to mock at it.

Spain had a popular painter, Castello, of whose kindness many stories were told. The people of Seville considered him a great painter. Once he was shown a few pictures, painted by his nephew. Castello stared at them amazed, turned away and sighed deeply: 'Castello is dead. He has vanished.'

He went home and never touched his brushes again.

His nephew was Murillo.

A similar incident happened to Perugino, the great Italian master. He had a pupil who learned everything from him and in the end eclipsed him. His name was Rafael.

It is impossible to tell how much Shakespeare was influenced by the young and ardent poets and playwrights who surrounded him, and whether they resented his success. It was an age of conviviality, of quick friendships and no less intense hates in the lusty atmosphere of the stage. Before a play went on the boards not one man's hand but many might have had a share in it. Plagiarism, even wholesale stealing, were common enough, and many a playwright's heart must have filled with rage to see his work misused. Envy and jealousy were rife, and Shakespeare's Plays are full of evidence that he knew each phase of jealousy, each creeping destructive menace, at any rate in others—in Antony, for example, who would rather forgive his generals a lost battle than a triumph which would eclipse him. 'Better to leave undone, than by our deed, acquire too high a fame . . .' says Ventidius.

It is perhaps the highest tribute to Shakespeare's genius that among so much talent, so many brilliant contemporaries, he stood alone. Others may have added to his Plays, and frequently did. But his own lines are unmistakable. He had nothing to fear of any rival—and perhaps for that very reason knew no jealousy. Is it, then, a test of a man's greatness—to be able to mingle with his fellows and remain untouched, uninfluenced?

The New Politics

by Dr. F. BORKENAU

Author of 'The New German Empire', 'Totalitarian Enemy', 'Socialism National or International'

The ideas of the astronomers and painters may have been revolutionised, though perhaps they seem remote from everyday life. But the complete revolution which has come over politics touches us all

When Napoleon had conquered Germany, he wanted to make the acquaintance of the greatest German then living, Goethe. The poet was ordered to Erfurt where Napoleon held court, and the two had a long talk. Among other subjects they touched upon the 'tragedies of fate' which were in fashion at the time: plays where the hero despite all his efforts was drawn into the abyss of some mysterious inexplicable destiny. 'What do they want with their destiny,' Napoleon exclaimed angrily. 'Today politics is our destiny.'

Napoleon was probably ahead of his day with this view as with so many other things. We need only glance into any of Jane Austen's novels to realise how little affected ordinary lives were by the period of twenty-three years of revolutionary and Napoleonic wars at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. But today Napoleon's phrase would provide an apt motto for all our lives. From the query whether we are to be or not to be, down to the smallest details of everyday life, politics today rule our destiny. There is no family, no business, no religious movement, no piece of poetry, nay, no love affair, where politics do not interfere. Side by side with the development of modern industry and technique, this is certainly the biggest change that has come over the world during the last century.

In this country some people may still be inclined to think that this paramountcy of politics is only due to the war and will disappear once it is over. In fact, the war has only brought to England a form of life which, at least in a large part of Europe and Asia, had been normal for at least the last ten years. Even now, Englishmen experience rather less interference with their everyday life than the average German experienced in 'peace' since the advent of the Nazi régime. The amount of state control and state interference in Germany, however great it may be, is nothing compared with what the ordinary Russian had to put up with during the period of the first Five-Year Plan, between 1929 and 1934.

Napoleon was not only the best prophet of this new age. He also, in his own person, anticipated many of its chief characteristics. He was a lone figure in his own day, a dictator risen from below, who had become much more powerful than any hereditary prince. Today, unfortunately, the world is full of such dictators. He won the support of the French by stimulating their thirst for glory, their exalted nationalism. He was then an innovator. Today, all dictators are popular with their respective nations to the extent that they succeed in instilling feelings of furious nationalism into them. Napoleon brought an age of war over Europe. So do our modern dictators. He started on a ruthless career of conquest, of oppression of foreign races. So do they. He abolished all political parties, all liberty of the press; he subordinated education and attempted to subordinate religion to his personal power and glory. So does Hitler. So do his many satellites.

People in this country sometimes tend to regard this ruthless crushing of privacy by politics as an unholy foreign affair whose impact upon English life they want to fight off. There seems to exist a widespread idea that we are fighting this war

THE OLD ERA OF LIBERAL POLITICS FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES

Mr. Gladstone addressing the crowd from Lord Rosebery's house, 1880

for no other purpose than to fight off the impact of these extraneous forces on the English way of life. In a sense such a conception is justified. The English tradition is liberal, if anything. And liberalism is the direct opposite of a totalitarian régime. Liberalism is a doctrine and a way of life tending to reduce the importance of the state and of politics to a minimum and to leave a maximum of scope and freedom to the individual and its private interests. In this war England and America are doubtless defending their liberal heritage against the impact of totalitarianism.

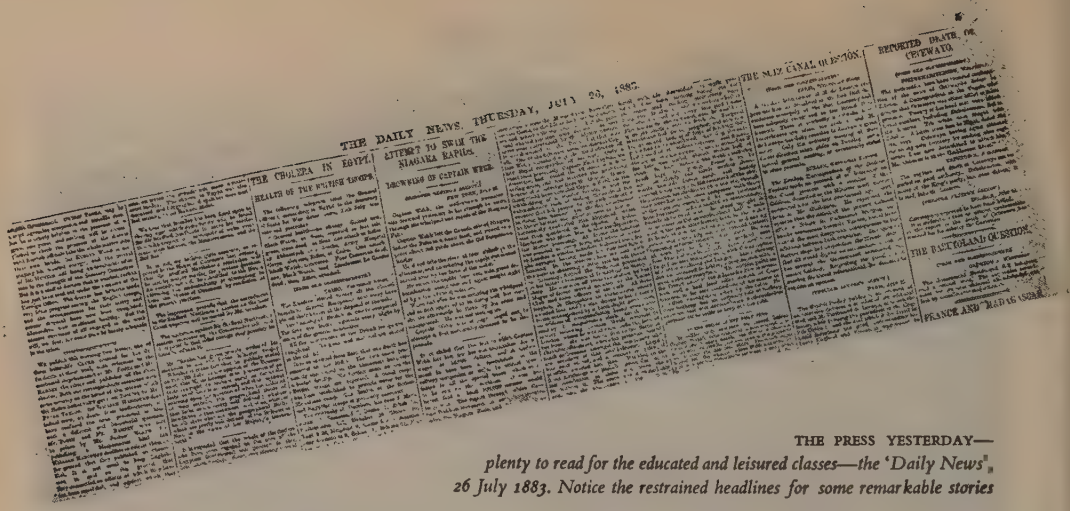
As a result of a long history of compromise and moderation the Anglo-Saxon nations have come to shun all extremes. Totalitarianism with its ruthless insistance upon the total insignificance of the individual as against the state is such an extreme. It is not conceivable that Englishmen and Americans should be anything but disgusted when confronted with it.

But this is only one side of the story. In another sense the totalitarian systems are not at all extraneous forces, mechanically pressing from outside upon liberal England and America, but no more than extreme instances of trends existing and growing throughout the world, England and American included. In order to realise this we must only ask two questions: Were England and America still liberal countries before the war started? Are we going to return to liberalism once the war is over? The answer to both queries is clearly No. Hence it is clear that the same forces operating on the continent are also operative in this country and across the Atlantic, though in a different manner.

Some may be inclined, in order to avoid this conclusion, to start an argument about the meaning of the term liberalism. But such arguments about words are sterile. The essence of our contention can be quite simply put in a few sentences. About a hundred years ago there existed, in England and the U.S.A. at any rate, a system where state interference with the life of the individual was reduced to a minimum. We call these early and mid-Victorian days the liberal era. From England it spread eastwards, though with growing distance from its country of origin the liberal movement lost strength. It was weaker in France than in England, never won fully through in Germany, only for a short time touched the surface in Russia, and only its verbal symbols, not its real tenets, ever reached Asia. Then gradually a counter-movement started, a movement in favour of all-round state interference, leading up to complete supremacy of the

THE NEW ERA OF THE DICTATOR AND POLITICS FOR THE MASSES

Hitler with Captain Rochm at the 'Congress of Victory', September 1933



THE DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.

ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.

THE SUEZ CANAL QUESTION.

REPORTED DEATH OF CETEWAYO.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

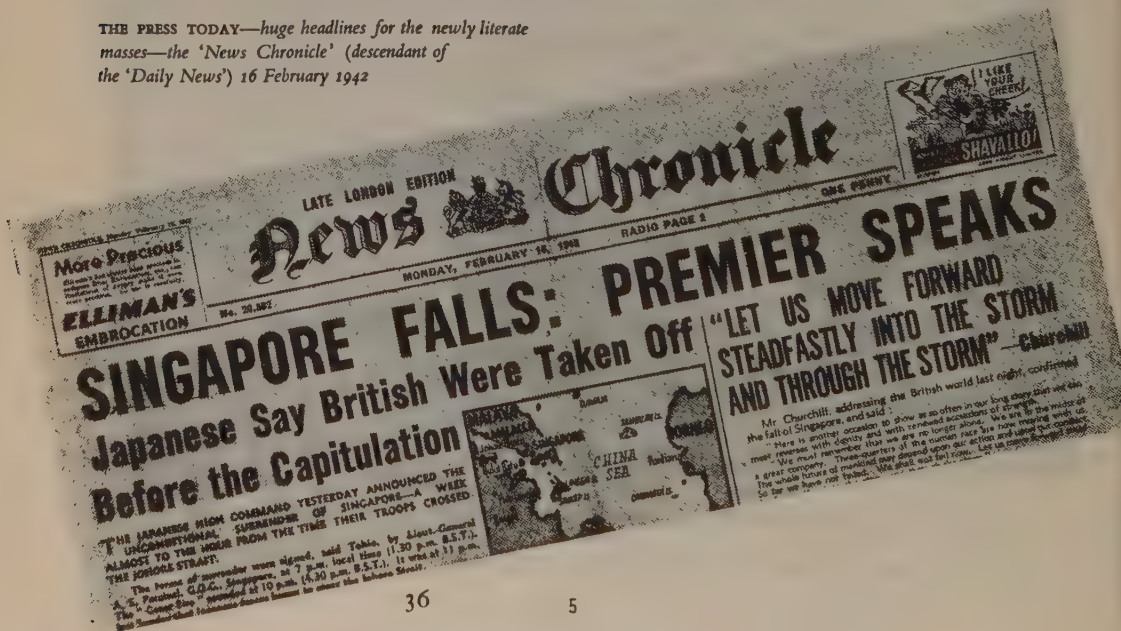
FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.

THE PRESS YESTERDAY—
plenty to read for the educated and leisured classes—the 'Daily News', 26 July 1883. Notice the restrained headlines for some remarkable stories

state in every sphere of life. We are now experiencing the climax of this movement in the totalitarian dictatorships of the continent and of Asia. The modern revolution in politics consists essentially in this transition from liberalism towards totalitarianism.

Now it might appear as if this change were a result of the inter-action between the Anglo-Saxon world on the one hand and the continent and Asia on the other. First the Anglo-Saxon world gave liberalism to the world across the Channel. Then the continent and Asia, deeply steeped in the traditions of autocracy, re-asserted themselves and are now strongly influencing even England and the U.S.A. as two or three generations ago they were influenced by them. There is something in that, but it is probably less than half of the truth. The curious fact is that at least some of the trends opposed to liberalism made their first appearance in England and America.

There is, for instance, the growth of democracy which is so often but quite wrongly identified with the growth of liberty. There never existed greater liberty of the individual than in the classical age of liberalism. During that period about a century ago there did not only exist complete liberty of religion and of political opinions, of the press and of printing, and very effective safeguards against wilful arrest; it was also an axiom that in no conceivable way might



LATE LONDON EDITION

News Chronicle

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1942 RADIO PAGE 2 ONE PENNY

No. 20,482

More Precious ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

I LIKE YOUR CHEEK! SHAVALLO!

SINGAPORE FALLS: PREMIER SPEAKS

Japanese Say British Were Taken Off Before the Capitulation

"LET US MOVE FORWARD STEADFASTLY INTO THE STORM AND THROUGH THE STORM"—Churchill

THE JAPANESE HIGH COMMAND YESTERDAY ANNOUNCED THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF SINGAPORE—A WEEK ALMOST TO THE HOUR FROM THE TIME THEIR TROOPS CROSSED THE JOHORE STRAIT.

Mr Churchill, addressing the British world last night, confirmed the fall of Singapore, and said:

CHINA SEA

THE PRESS TODAY—*huge headlines for the newly literate masses—the 'News Chronicle' (descendant of the 'Daily News') 16 February 1942*

the state interfere in business affairs. But while there was much liberty there was very little democracy—if by democracy we understand the participation of masses of ordinary people in public affairs. The rise of democracy is altogether a modern growth and, strange as it may seem, is closely connected with the emergence of totalitarian trends.

In mid-Victorian days the U.S.A. and Norway were the only countries with universal suffrage. The suffrage in England, despite the reform of 1832, was extremely restricted. Newspapers were written only for a select few. Quite apart from their price they were out of reach of the man in the street because they were written in the high-brow language of Oxford rather than in the language of common people. Also huge numbers were completely illiterate. Public meetings were a rarity and frowned upon. Even as late as 1879 Queen Victoria was very angry with Gladstone for having started a public campaign about the Bulgarian atrocities. A Prime Minister making public speeches to the rabble! For the common man to get into Parliament was very exceptional, and cabinet posts were the preserve of a very small circle. Naturally the great masses had hardly any interest in politics. And politics therefore were conducted with the restraint, the coolness, the scepticism and the manners characteristic of 'society'.

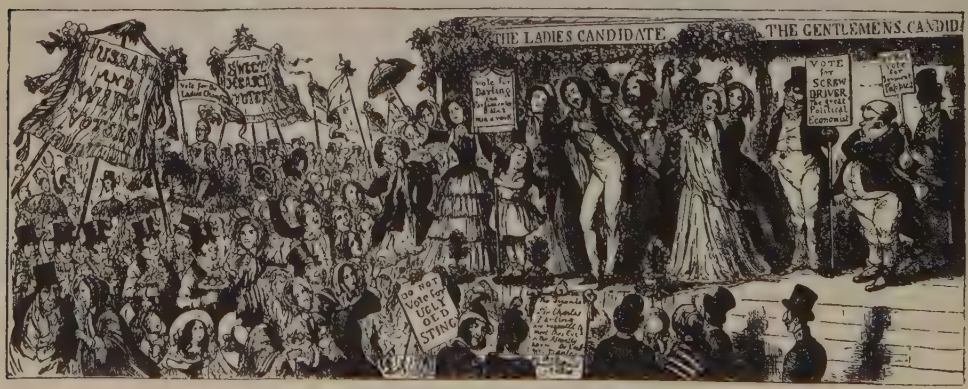
Just contrast this picture with the political agitation around Lloyd George or around Theodore Roosevelt in the beginning of our century! Everything is changed. The masses have the vote and use it. The pressure of mass movements is constantly brought to bear upon politics. A huge popular press—'written by office boys for office boys', as Lord Salisbury contemptuously described the *Daily Mail*—caters for the tastes and interests of the man in the street. Politics has become a fierce unmannerly business. The emotional appeal, no longer the rational argument, counts for everything. Political agitation must successfully compete with the cinema and the football match. Naturally huge party organisations arise in order to cope with the vast numbers now involved in politics, and at their top there appear leading figures who rule their followers by their personal spell and by their ability to control the machinery of mass organisations, much more than by their programmes. Parnell and Gladstone were probably the first men able despotically to rule huge mass organisations in this manner.

It is obvious enough that the difference between these things and present-day politics on the continent is only one of degree. More precisely the difference between the rôle of a Parnell, a Gladstone, a Lloyd George, or the two Roosevelts, on the one hand, and of a Hitler, Mussolini, Lenin, Stalin, Attaturk, Chiang-Kai-Shek on the other hand, concerns two points only. First: the modern dictators secure their permanent sway over the masses by establishing a monopoly for themselves and their parties. Secondly: they do it by ruthlessly destroying all their opponents. Yet however important these two factors, it remains true that modern democracies and modern dictatorships have three things in common: the intense political activity of the masses, the rise of huge disciplined mass parties, and the rise of 'leaders' with a psychological sway over these masses.

It is difficult to over-stress the emotionalism, sometimes of a very low kind, which thereby becomes dominant in politics. The rise of Fuehrers, the fierceness of nationalism, the brutality of contemporary politics, the harlequin character of much of contemporary political propaganda—so aptly described in G. B. Shaw's *Apple Cart*—are all traceable to this irrational emotionalism. What can be a reasonable solution for these new problems which have arisen during the last half-century? There exist very strong tendencies of an entirely practical nature working in the direction of greater power of the state over the individual, and of greater concentration of political power within a few hands. These needs, today, are mostly discussed under the popular heading of 'Planning'—'Planned Economy' and so on. If I do not say much about it in this short survey, it is because I understand that in this series Dr. T. H. Balogh is going to deal with the revolution in economics. I therefore limit myself to what in this sphere has an immediate bearing upon politics. We are rapidly drifting into economic planning. This is not only a result of the war but a trend clearly outlined before it. The departure from liberal principles in economics started through the claims of the working classes for protection. Once the working day has been limited, other economic groups inevitably make their claims for state protection. Tariffs for industry, and later for agriculture, were introduced in every country, state control of the currency and of banking followed, until the process of state control had become all-comprehensive, and only shreds of economic liberty and free competition remained. But what does all-round state interference mean in terms of politics?

ELECTIONEERING IN 'THE GOOD OLD DAYS'

(1) *'Going to the Poll'.* (2) *The 'Candidate's Speech'.* (3) *'After the Poll'*

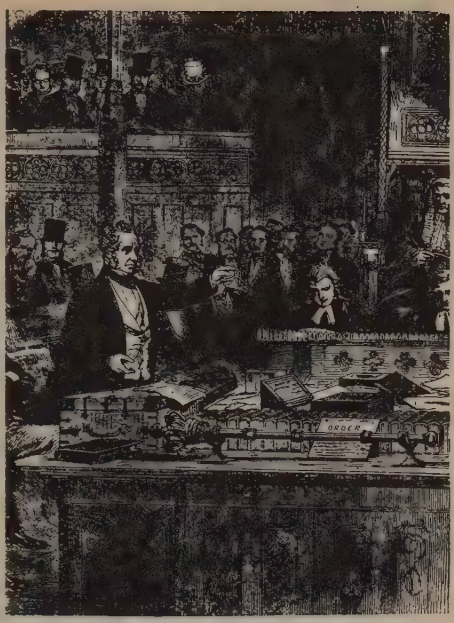


(4) *'The Hustings with Female Suffrage'. Cruikshank cartoon*

It means that henceforward incomes are determined by politics. A worker's wages, a farmer's prices, an industrialists's and banker's profits are determined, and were determined even before the war, by political measures.

The degree of state-interference varies in various countries. And the dependence of the individual upon the state for the safeguarding of his income varies accordingly. Where this interference goes far—as is the case, not only in Communist Russia and in Nazi Germany, but also in the U.S.A. under Roosevelt's New Deal—this or that economic measure of the administration might literally imply life or death for millions. No wonder then that political struggles for control of the administrative machinery become fierce. No wonder also that, precisely at the moments of economic crisis, when quick and resolute decisions are most urgently needed, the political struggle tends to develop towards a hopeless stalemate. No wonder also that, as a result, a clamour for a strong man rises and grows in weight. It was thus that Mussolini in Italy and Hitler in Germany achieved power. It is thus that Roosevelt has achieved a third term. And if nothing similar has happened in England, the hopeless decay of the distressed areas was the price paid for the lack of a centralised economic authority. Now, under pressure of the necessities of war, England has developed a political régime no less united, no less centralised, no less powerful than that of any dictatorship. And whatever doctrinaires of liberalism may say, this is not entirely the result of the war emergency. The war has only brought about changes long overdue.

Is there, then, no escape from totalitarianism? In a sense, apparently there isn't. But I have already pointed out that not all centralised bureaucratic régimes must proceed through the ruthless extermination of all their adversaries. It looks, on the contrary, as if it were the historical destiny of the Anglo-Saxon world to work out



Mr. Palmerston addressing the Commons

from the basis of its liberal traditions, a compromise between the old and the new, the liberal and the totalitarian systems: a system sufficiently planned, centralised and efficient to cope with the needs of the period of mass production and mass politics, yet with enough liberty to avoid the crushing out of all those higher values which can only be cultivated through individual unregimented efforts. Even so, the danger of tyranny, and the dangers of the crushing of all the refinements of life through the mass mind, will be with us for a long time. But if we know our way they need not materialise. England and the U.S.A. as I said, may work out a compromise between individual liberty and collective organisation, and if they succeed in it the sacrifices of this war will have been worth while.

Previous articles in this series:—1941, *June*, '*Threshold of a New Age*' *by Herbert Read; July*, '*Transformation in Science*' *by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August*, '*Painting and Sculpture*' *by E. H. Ramsden; September*, '*Life from a New Angle*' *by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October*, '*The New Groundwork of Architecture*' *by John Summerson; November*, '*Matter, Form, Evolution and Us*' *by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December*, '*Man—The Anachronism*' *by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D.* 1942, *January*, '*The Revolution in Literature*' *by Kathleen Raine; February*, '*The Helter-Skelter Universe*' *by J. G. Crowther; April*, '*Exploring the Unseeable*' *by J. G. Crowther. Back Numbers December, January, February and April,* 1s. 6d., *August, September, October and November,* 1s. 3d., *June and July,* 1s. *each, from all bookstalls or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, E.C.4*

Non-Erotic War!

At the outbreak of war cranks and Puritans expressed the fear that this conflagration would bring about a new wave of moral looseness surpassing tenfold the debauches of the last war. Their prophecies remain unfulfilled. A cynic may certainly comment upon this phenomenon by saying with a dry smile that the European community had reached such a state of erotic immorality that it would be simply impossible to 'improve' the situation! But the cynic's conclusion would not be correct. It must be stated in all fairness that this war is strangely non-erotic. Every observer is witnessing day by day many facts which prove beyond any shadow of doubt that in this war eroticism is in a sad decline.

What is the reason for such a change? In the war of 1914 the civil population and the army were two separate entities. The soldiers came from the front on short or long leave, and tried to forget the horrors of the trenches by plunging into all kinds of amusement. They brought with them greed for pleasure, the wish to extract all the sweetness out of the comfortable life of the hinterland.

Now this division has disappeared. War has enveloped whole nations and the terror of total warfare has descended upon all. Aerial warfare fills the skies above us, the former abode of consolation and meditation, with the nervous tremor of engines, and we raise our eyes to the nocturnal

by ZBIGNIEW GRABOWSKI

sky, not to contemplate the stars, but to watch the exotic flares, the blades of searchlights and the fiery shells. The civilian hinterland, which existed in all previous wars, the paradise of pleasure, the oblivion, is lost. We are witnessing today a reversal of the process: civilians leave for the Army camps in order to get some rest and peace.

Aerial warfare has introduced the dangers of war into the life of the civil population. During a period of raids each one of us spends a huge amount of his energy on suppressing fear, and 'improving his morale'.

Our emotions are inclined to be overpowered by the thought of war. Therefore we crave more than ever for oblivion and that oldest and cheapest form of it: sleep.

Night—which since the beginning of the human race has acquired a rather ambiguous repute and, thanks to the poets and scandal-mongers, has assumed the part of a reservoir of sin—is now chiefly a domain of sleep. Statisticians may tell us in one or two years' time how far this shifting of the sense of night has affected the birth-rate. But there is not the slightest doubt that the newly-married are not in the most enviable position. I know a young couple who married in an air-raid and got a bomb on their house during their nuptial night. They spent the two weeks of their honeymoon in the public shelters. But people

still continue to marry because alerts and night bombing are a deadly enemy of solitude. Every observer will confirm the view that the worst thing in all those unpleasant nights is solitude. The desire for somebody's company is the strongest of all impulses. Second comes the idea of safety which drives people to move from small rickety houses to big blocks of flats. Some descend into the grim inferno of the tubes.

The dreary feeling of solitude is responsible for many matches. I met the other day a staunch old bachelor who had dismissed until now with contempt all idea of marriage, and I heard from his lips this typical confession: 'This night bombing breeds such debasing sentiments that even I feel like getting married!'

Yes, what eroticism there is in this war grows on the soil of the fear of solitude. How often is love an attempt to escape solitude? It is only natural that if you pay a visit to a charming girl or a solitary lady in the evening during a raid, you are asked to remain for the night. Nobody would suspect anything indecent in such an action. The charming hostess hands you a pillow with a gesture of command, pushes the mattress into the corridor and explains with the sweetest of smiles: 'You sleep here, my dear. And remember, I do not mind snoring.'

So you sleep huddled on the floor like a well-trained dog.

Glorious girls who come to you to sip a drink or a cup of belated tea with their jungle-red lips, have no scruples at all in dismissing you to the corridor and taking possession of your bed, if you live in a block of flats. They sleep in your pyjamas and use your bath salts unperturbed. It is only natural. They crave for sleep like you, they hate solitude like you, and they feel so much safer when they hear the manly snore from the corridor. They fall asleep to this accompaniment which tells them that someone has already overcome fear.

This war makes us more human and destroys more and more fetishes of sex. Girls have adopted 'slacks' as their uniform. Dainty pyjamas and nighties are stored for better times. Even a professional beauty hates the idea of being surprised by a bomb in a transparent nightdress.

If you live in a block of flats you see night by night this strange vanishing of eroticism or, if you prefer, the process of its evaporation. Long, half-dimmed or crudely lit corridors resemble barracks. People are lying side by side on the narrow strip of this sad 'plage'. Many glamorous girls snore like sailors, many of them expose naked feet which give a shock to their admirers. Poor souls, they have run barefooted along the dirty corridors. There is no intimacy left in those barracks: married couples are sleeping on one double mattress, some hugging each other by the neck. It is a pitiable sight this human *bric-à-brac:* mothers clasping their infants, wives reconciled by necessity to their husbands, enamoured girls side by side with their boring relatives, sleeping prostrate, their uplifted faces exposed to the glare of naked electric bulbs. A lovely girl is sleeping next to an old spinster with clattering dentures.

The shelters are shallow but the sleep of these addicts is deep. They drink every drop of sleep with hungry, parted lips.

A friend of mine was rung up one morning by a lady who for many months had refused to pay a visit to his *garçonnière*. This particular morning she intimated in a languorous voice that she was coming in the afternoon. When she arrived, she threw herself in a decorative attitude on the expectant sofa and whispered: 'I am dying for a hot bath!'

The enchantress had had no hot water supply in her flat for the last three days. She took her baffled admirer's bath-room by storm, splashed the water all over the place and departed with a promise to call on him the next day if there were still no hot water in her own flat.

Even after a blitz period is over no signs appear to support the verdict of the cranks that morals are among the first casualties of war. The reports of the different committees 'investigating' the effects of the blitz sound encouraging, though apparently some girls disappeared from their homes for several nights and came back as cats do.

During the last war Europe was consumed by a feverish desire to enjoy the fruits of the emancipation of women. In this war women have already learnt harmony and balance, and their heads are much cooler.

It is perhaps good that this war has brought to the surface the most elementary human feelings, that it teaches us the value of such simple joys as sleep, peace and home-life. More and more people from the town are learning to appreciate the country. And perhaps those observers are right who predict that after the war we shall cherish more simple joys, revert to the country, leaving the collapsible splendour and grandeur of the big cities. We despised these things in our crazy race for speed, noise, artificial light and glamour.

United States of Europe?

After victory Western Europe must be federated, under the leadership of Britain.
This important series of articles by leading Europeans insists on this scheme

No. 1. Decentralised Federation

by Professor DENIS SAURAT

Head of the Institut Français du Royaume Uni.

By looking at the activities of our enemies we can define our main problem in the future organisation of Europe. How is it that Germany has been able to become an aggressor and our chief enemy? It is because a national state has so grown that it has become a danger to all its neighbours, and that in order to defend themselves other states have now to grow in a similar way in mere self-defence. The dangerous growth of the National State is our problem today, just as at some stages in our previous development the dangerous growth of the great feudal lords was the chief danger to civilisation. The solution was not then in balance of power within a state between several great feudal lords; it was found in the removal of power from feudal units and the concentration of power into the hands of the kings or of central governments, parliamentary or otherwise. In a similar way the solution today to the problem of the dangerous growth of one National State is not in the growth to the same strength of other National States. That can only create even more dangerous feuds between states in the future.

Our becoming like the Germans is not a solution of the German problem. If we analyse the problem itself we see that it lies in the fact that too many powers are given to the states—since in the German conception the state controls the total fighting power of all its members; the whole of its industry and economic life, and even the thoughts of individuals. A monstrous accumulation of powers has taken place in one zone of government, the national centre. We have to disperse this accumulation. What are we to do with those powers? Shall we give them all to a political unit larger than the nation? At once we see the risk of a tyranny even more dreadful than the one we are fighting. Shall we give those powers to much smaller units? Then, obviously, they will lie at the mercy of any outside pirate that has accumulated power illegitimately, as the fate of all the smaller countries round Germany has proved. The solution must be a mixed solution; some of the powers at present vested in the nation must be given to larger conglomerations, some even must go to some sort of world executive, and many powers—as many as possible—must go to smaller units. In fact as many as possible must be either left or given back to the individual. In the organisation of Europe a double movement must take place: a shifting of powers upwards towards larger units, which may be called 'federations' or 'confederations' or 'alliances' (the name matters little), and a shifting of powers downwards towards the individuals, *via* smaller nations, regional divisions of large nations, municipalities and even family groups.

In an orderly and systematic way agglomeration of power at any one stage in this scale of political organisation must be broken up and dispersed, and yet the nations themselves, as nations, are obviously too vital to be destroyed. *In one direction we must federalise the nations, in another direction we must decentralise the nations; and, nevertheless, we must leave the nation a healthier spiritual unit than it now is.*

The democracies have already expressed the general principles that they consider essential in the organisation of the world. The eight points of the Atlantic Charter which have been adopted by all the nations fighting for freedom give us a common basis which is perhaps only a minimum, but which can be accepted by all and built upon. We must not forget in our desire to proceed as quickly as we can with the organisation of the world the gratitude that we owe to Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt for clearly proclaiming these common principles for the future. From another angle President Roosevelt's message of January 1941 giving a definition of the four freedoms is a useful way of making clear those same principles expressed in the Atlantic Charter. Their basic elements have been behind the Charter: freedom of expression, freedom of religious belief, freedom from physical want, freedom from fear of attack. Nor are those principles new to us. It is important to realise that they are the development of a long tradition, that the 'déclaration des droits de l'homme' of the French Revolution, and that the ideas behind the American Declaration of Independence are earlier stages of the same ideas. Further back they are really grounded in Christian beliefs and ethics, which are the root of our European civilisation. In some phases of our history the working of these fundamental principles may have been impeded, or even suppressed, by the growth of individual power. At present they are endangered by the growth of the state. It must be considered a general principle that in the long hierarchy from the single individual to the world state, too much power given to any one centre is a source of evil. And yet some power must be given at each stage. The problem of the distribution of power is our main problem.

Europe used to be divided, towards the end of the nineteenth century, into nations of roughly 40 million people. A sort of collaboration was then conceivable. The German nation began to aim at a figure of 80 million people; the equilibrium ceased to exist in every field, economic or military. But it soon appeared that a state of 80 millions in a divided Europe was in itself an impossibility because of the state of the world in general. To the east of Europe a unit was being constituted by the Union of Soviet Republics which would soon reach the 200 million level. On the other side of the Atlantic, now practically a narrow sea, the United States of America was due to present in time some sort of unit of the same order. The British Empire was also an agglomeration of peoples to be counted in hundreds of millions, and China presented problems on a similar scale. Our civilisation was rolling on so rapidly that the statesmen who looked into the future had to think in units of at least 200 million people. Europe could only play its part in these circumstances, which were shaping the future, if it were united in some way. Germany's 80 millions could only be an instrument with which to realise a European unit of 200 millions, and this European unit could then face the new world and its tremendous problems. Thus the Germans were driven in their own way, which could not be ours, and which to us is a criminal way, to face the future that we shall be called upon to face after our victory. The national unit of 40 millions (for instance, the French unit) has proved insufficient in Europe. The 80 million unit (for instance, the German unit) is obviously insufficient to face the future world.

The German attempt to constitute a 200 million unit is doomed to fail—would fail, even if the Germans were victorious—because you cannot in the end constitute a unit against the passionate will power of the immense majority of the people that are to be included in the unit. With all due consideration to the power of German propaganda, it is unthinkable that even after the victory of Germany the French, the Poles, the Yugoslavs, the English, the Spaniards, the Czechs, should ever become really Germanised in spirit. Within a few generations after a total German victory the world would be back in chaos again, through the spontaneous re-emergence of new and old national movements.

But the attempt that we are bound to make to create a new Europe is also fraught with dangers, of which two have to be kept in mind throughout our thinking. The most precious thing to human beings is their spiritual freedom of development as individuals. We shall have failed if we so organise the world that we produce homogenised masses. It is, of course, impossible that we should reach such a result. But our failure will be achieved if we allow a main tendency to develop that way.

On the other side lies another danger: we may give the individual what may be called illegitimate powers. In our anxiety not to constrain his own liberty, or over much his outside activities, we may create, indeed we have created, conditions in which the unscrupulous individual can take advantage of his neighbours or of the social order, and then we produce anarchy. Up to a certain point that was certainly the case in France, and in all so-called capitalist, or so-called

democratic countries. We must try to avoid those two opposite dangers in our planning. We must not forget either that, although those two dangers are contrary to each other, nevertheless it is possible to fail in such a way that both calamities occur simultaneously, and that you have homogenised masses amongst which unscrupulous over-grown individualities rampage at will. In fact, our civilisation, up to the crisis of this war, seemed rather to be evolving towards that maximum combination of evils. The fluidity which will be produced by the present chaos may give us our chance to escape from a decadence towards which we were drifting.

Our immediate problem at the peace will be to take away armaments from one national state, Germany, and create conditions such that neither Germany nor any other state can accumulate armaments so as to become a menace to the rest of the nations. Just to disarm Germany and arm others is no solution. It creates unforeseeable dangers for future generations. It is the state itself that has to be disarmed as a state wherever it may be found, and if armaments prove necessary they are to be entrusted to some other power formation. We have already seen, and it may be well to dwell upon it here, that the unavoidable groupings of human beings are numerous. The individual (1) is enclosed in an immediate group which varies both in history and in form, even in Western Europe, but which we may call (2) the family. Families, as a rule, are influenced greatly by a not very large part of the earth on which they live, and where other families exist under fairly similar conditions. For instance, a pastoral part of Yorkshire produces quite different conditions of existence from an industrial part of Yorkshire. This small group we may call (3) the Region. We then see that one region cannot live by itself and that a pastoral or agricultural region depends for many of its essential necessities on the industrial region. We find also that over large spaces of the earth there are fairly vast communities, mostly united by a common language, and whose regions tend first of all to provide each other's needs. This is roughly the basis of (4) the nation. It then becomes obvious that much of what is needed by a nation comes from all over the world and is obtained by exchange with individuals or groups of other nations. We would therefore be tempted to consider the world as our next unit. It might well be considered to be so except for historical and geographical circumstances which have in the past brought about a state of things in which the most terrible dangers to any one nation can come from the immediately neighbouring ones.

We thus come to the consideration of matters dealt with in our previous statement on the necessity of agglomeration of some 200 million persons in the present state of things. For this unit (5) we have not yet a name. It might be a Federal Union of several nations, or a Confederation constructed with a view to common safety, or merely a very solid system of alliances between several States. We might call this hypothetical unit which would, in our case, cover the whole of Europe (not including Russia) *the Super-State* (5) and, of course, the World State (6) has to be taken into consideration in every step of re-organisation. We have thus a general picture of human relationships framed thus: (1) the individual, (2) the family, (3) the region, (4) the nation, (5) the group of nations, or State, (6) the world.

Our immediate problem will then be to take first of all the armaments from (4) the Nation and, for the present, give it to (5), the group of Nations. We feel tempted to think that the ideal solution would be to give this power of armaments, which then would become merely a policing function, to the total unit (6) the World. But this, which may be a desirable ideal, does not seem practicable at present, because too many varieties of human beings are in existence; and although some matters will have to be dealt with for which the world is to be considered as a unit, yet in many other matters agreement will not be reached. If we suppose the European problem solved and a harmonised group of European nations to have been constituted, we shall still have other groups so different from the European group that it is only by laborious and complicated arrangements that collaboration will be reached. Beyond Europe we have the Americas with problems totally different from ours. Eastwards the group of Soviet Republics has again other problems of its own. It is sufficient to mention China and India to realise that these two enormous human groups are completely unlike our own. Another totally different series of problems arises within the world of Islam. Even then there are the vast territories and populations of Africa.

Obviously, as within those larger groups of nations or Super-States, negotiations can take place so as to arrange world conditions that will avoid all kinds of dangers that nations had to incur from their hostility to each other in, we shall hope, a past period of history. But our present

and immediate problem is the organisation of Europe.

It seems to us then that the first part of our solution will consist in disarming all European States, as such, and establishing a group of European nations with an executive power in the matter of armaments. This European Power will have to be made up of representatives of the various nations, so that none of them can again become a danger, and will have to accumulate in favourable conditions a sufficient amount of military power to face any possible dangers from outside Europe. We all hope that this may not mean a very great military effort. The previous insistence of our present Russian Allies on disarmament, and the fact that the Russians are at present our Allies leads us to believe that by common arrangement between Europe and Russia the possibility of danger from aggression will be, in fact, eliminated. But it is also obvious from the behaviour of Japan that at least potential military forces, sufficient to deal with any danger in the Far East, will have to be kept in being. We feel sure also that we shall have the help of the Americas in this task.

But the fact that we may find it necessary to vest military powers in a group of nations like Europe does not imply that all other powers are to be given to the Super-State. In fact the question as to what kind of powers should be given to any of the groupings listed above is largely a matter for technical experts in each department of life and demands careful study by specialists and well-informed intellects. We can only here jot down a few ideas that come spontaneously to the mind of the man in the street but which are submitted for public consideration in the spirit that any of them may be wrong, and yet ideas of a similar nature may prove practicable. It is obvious that many divisions will have to be considered even in any one given department of human activities. For instance, some of the best elements of food ought to be regional and come from the ground as near as possible to the human groups that consume them. Other elements of food may come from all over the world. It seems to be a fact, for instance, that wheat from America can be made to provide the French with better bread than they have ever had and that, in fact, part of their former, and, let us hope future, artistry in bread-making is based on the fact that they obtained from distant parts qualities of wheat which they did not produce themselves. This matter of food, therefore, is one in which various authorities, regional, national and international, have to participate. This is a department in which the needs are so well known that under the pressure of world opinion it should not be difficult to make all necessary arrangements.

In the matter of housing, it seems apparent more and more that local materials in modern conditions produce only makeshift accommodation, and that materials have to be brought from all over the world to establish at any one spot a really modern and healthy human dwelling. This applies even more to metallurgy, or the production of clothing, or machinery. An adjustment between local necessities and possible sources of production all over the world has to be made. But it remains obvious that for all those things a much smaller unit of government than the nation should be constituted. For instance, we all heard with horror of the shocking destitution that used to prevail in some parts of Spain at a time when other parts of the same country were in a state of prosperity. Apparently the central government was too far and the heavens were too high! A regional form of government is necessary, dividing a nation like France, for instance, into ten or twelve regions, so that in each part there should be responsible authorities to assess the needs of the region, and make them known to the proper authorities above them. It was on some such principle as this that in the United States strong representation was given through Senators to parts of the country which for a time were relatively unpopulated. Thus, not only the rights of certain human beings were defended, and that is in itself essential to our scheme of civilisation, but also future potentialities were, or could be to a great extent, protected.

Many powers now entrusted to the State should therefore go back to regional powers within the nation. It is not proposed that nations should be split up altogether into smaller units. Obviously the community of thought, feeling and language which constitute the nation is a very important asset of the human spirit. The period of danger in which we are now living has shown the nation to be a vital unit, and it is to a resurrection of national feeling against external oppression that we look in many cases for the defeat of the aggressor. But a more harmonious nation, and a stronger nation, would in many case be constituted—and also a type of nation less dangerous to its neighbours—if the development of regional culture and institutions were facilitated. The recent book by Rebecca West about

Yugoslavia (see page 60) certainly awakens in the reader the idea, which, of course, can only be judged properly by the Yugoslavs themselves, that within the Yugoslav State more autonomy could and should be given to various provinces without weakening the State itself. The problem of Fleming *v.* Walloon, in Belgium, could also be looked at from this angle. In France, some provinces, like Brittany, Provence and Alsace, would be all the better, and France itself would be all the better, if they were given much more regional independence. Government from Paris has not proved an unqualified success. Of course, the necessary collaboration between regional authorities in transport, assessment of needs, distribution of commodities would be necessary, but those problems would be solved much better, that is to say, to greater advantage for the individual, if proper regional authorities existed, who could attend to the matters in discussion with the central government.

It comes unavoidably to the mind that many regions in Germany should be given a large measure of independence which would not break up the German community in its legitimate elements, but which, by a resurrection of regional culture and feeling, would greatly lessen the danger of a German State again embarking on a campaign of aggression. A stronger Austria, a stronger Bavaria, or Westphalia, a revitalised Saxony, and other historical German units would, if they had more power, liberate many well-meaning persons from a central tyranny. Many arrangements could be made by such sub-states or regions with units which would be outside their political nation. It is conceivable that a politically German Bavaria, being more independent from Berlin, could enter into arrangements with, say, Alsace in France, and with Switzerland, or some Italian region. It is conceivable that such arrangements would in the future be a great deterrent to such a Bavaria in any possible conspiracy for future aggression. Similarly, relationships between Brittany in France and Wales in Great Britain could be developed. Provence and Catalonia could be intimate friends, although belonging to different nations. Surely such links would go a long way to make Europe into a more truly spiritual unit than it is at present? From the political point of view, then, we must conceive it as a solution which holds great possibilities of success that some of the present powers of the State, for instance, the power of armament, should be taken away from it and given to a Super-State, say, a European Federation, whatever form it may take or whatever name it may assume. Some other powers, like the assessment of regional needs and the development of regional cultures, could also be taken away from the centralised state and vested in regional governments, comparable to that of the various so-called 'States' in the United States of America. Federation would thus work both ways: each nation could advantageously become a federation of local or regional governments, and Europe could then become a Federation of Nations.

We have been looking at an abstract plan for the organisation of Europe. Immediately after the war it would be difficult to expect a complete European Federation. As Mr. Harold Butler writes:

> 'To suppose that the nations which have had the German claw at their throat are likely to send representatives to sit cheek by jowl with German delegates in a Federal Parliament is to imagine a vain thing. Before that can happen the revolution of the German soul which Heine prescribed must have taken place.' (*The Lost Peace*, by Harold Butler, page 204).

A transitional period, under the firm hand of England—it can be no other—with the firm help of the United States—which is quite indispensable—will have to be organised. It will have to last until education, both general and religious, shall have been given a chance for at least one generation to teach all the peoples of Europe, especially some elements among the Germans, though not only the Germans, that a common basis must be established in the people's souls for the future civilisation of the world. In short, the successful reorganisation of Europe implies a new education of Europe in which the individual souls of the immense majority of Europeans must be given freedom to develop on lines which can only be Christian lines. All our schemes of organisation will be vain unless the individual souls of all men and women in their own spiritual freedom help to put some of the Christian principles of civilisation into real practice at last. But this is beyond the scope of the present essay. It would demand a study in itself in which justice would be done to the needs and rights of the family and the individual which have been somewhat left aside in this essay, although they are the very core of our problem.

May 50 years ago

THE Dominion House of Commons has passed a resolution, after a long discussion, by ninety-eight to sixty-four votes, in favour of a scheme of reciprocal trade relations with the United Kingdom. The meaning of this resolution is that if England will put a differential duty on non-Canadian goods, Canada on her part will reduce her duties on British manufactures. One disadvantage of this proposal is that there are seven times as many people in the United Kingdom as there are in the Dominion, and so the proposed arrangement is hardly fair. Then, again, Canada to discriminate would only have to take duties off whereas we should have to put them on, which is always more difficult. We are also trammelled by the treaties of commerce with Germany and Belgium, and there is little likelihood of any arrangement being entered into unless it is pressed by the other Colonies, and even then only when it takes the shape of a suggestion that all imports from countries not contributing directly to the Imperial defence shall be charged Navy dues.

THE greatest advocate of what may be described as American Home Rule as the clue to the solution of our Imperial difficulties has just made a flying visit to London. Mr. Cecil Rhodes spent Easter in London, and is already on his way back to Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes was in capital spirits about Mashonaland. The telegraph has already been carried up to the Zambesi. The country was perfectly tranquil. From an Imperial point of view nothing could have been more successful than the occupation of the country, and from a financial point of view—well, shareholders could wait. Mr. Rhodes had ideas of his own as to the opening up of Bechuanaland by a more rational distribution of the money voted annually for the Bechuanaland police; he thinks he has solved the franchise difficulty by a compromise; and altogether is very hopeful about his end of Africa. But that makes him all the more angry with those who talk glibly about evacuating the other end of the continent towards which he is pushing forward with all speed down the lakes. If Gordon had but been relieved in time the telegraph line from Cairo to Cape Town might have been completed in twelve months. Even now it may be open before the end of the century. But if Egypt is evacuated . . .!

THE chief political interest of April centred on the question of Woman's Suffrage. The Woman's Liberal Federation—a body originally brought into being with somewhat ill grace by the Liberal Party in order to furnish the Liberals with an Amazonian contingent which could meet the Primrose League on its own ground—was at first intended to be simply and solely an electioneering agency. The women were to help the Liberal Party; they were in no case to help themselves. Mrs. Gladstone, who is absolutely innocent of all political aspirations that are not bound up with the welfare of her husband, was made president, and the Executive Committee was packed with ladies whose lords had been Cabinet Ministers and who were naturally anxious to be Cabinet Ministers again. For a time all went well. But after a while the voice of the political woman began to be heard in the land. There was some commotion at first in official quarters, but the women grew so self-assertive, that the Federation, at its annual meeting, was allowed to pass a resolution in favour of Woman's Suffrage. This, however, did not content the more progressive members; they organised their forces, counted up the votes they could rely upon, and then proclaimed their determination to elect a new executive and to define the objects of the Federation so as to make it clear to all men that the Federation was sound on the suffrage. The wives of the ex-Ministers took alarm, and resigned in high dudgeon. As no one cared, they endeavoured to induce Mrs. Gladstone to follow their example. Mrs. Gladstone was president; Mrs. Gladstone was Mr. Gladstone's wife. Officially she counted for a good deal. So it came to pass that a fierce contest took place over the body of Mrs. Gladstone, which at one time threatened to have serious results for the Liberal Party.

SCIENCE FRONT

THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIMENT IN THE WORLD

If you had a chance to do any experiment you pleased, unrestrained by any considerations of humanity or decency, what would you choose? It is difficult to think of anything which could be more important or more enlightening than to have a human baby brought up by non-human foster-parents. There are apocryphal stories of such experiments actually being made by despots in the past. King James IV of Scotland is said to have isolated an infant on an island in the Firth of Forth, and to have discovered, some years later, that the child had spontaneously learnt to speak good Hebrew, the language of Adam and Eve. There are more authentic accounts of children who have been carried off and brought up by wild animals. The hormones in the blood of a female mammal, when she is suckling, produce an enormously powerful 'drive' towards maternal behaviour; a maternal rat will carry back almost any little furry object to her nest; and larger animals, wolves or bears, for instance, sometimes carry off human infants and care for them.

There are about sixteen or seventeen fairly authentic cases known of this phenomenon. Quite recently a new and very full account has become available of a case which occurred in India. A native Christian missionary, the Rev. J. A. L. Singh, rescued *two* children, who were named Kamala and Amala, from a wolf den in Bengal. Kamala was about eight years old when rescued, Amala only about one and a half. Both of them must have been adopted as quite young babies; presumably the mother wolf had a particularly active secretion of maternal hormones, and was twice driven to carry back to her den a man-child to take its place among the wolf-cubs.

The two children were taken by the good minister to the orphanage which he and his wife kept at Midnapore. Little Amala died within a year, but Kamala lived for nine years. The Singhs kept an elaborate diary of the long and slow process by which she was weaned of her wolf ways and brought back towards normal humanity; a short summary, with a few photographs, has been published by Dr. Arnold Gesell, of the Clinic of Child Development, New Haven ('Wolf Child and Human Child', published in England by Methuen), and a fuller discussion is being prepared by Professor Zingg of the University of Denver.

Kamala, the wolf child, before she learnt to feed in a human manner

Kamala seems to have been, by birth, a normal human child; but when she was rescued she was, by upbringing, a wolf. She ran on all fours—on hands and knees for ordinary purposes, on hands and feet when she wanted to move fast, and then it was difficult to overtake her. She could not stand upright, the shape of her bones and muscles having been affected by her training in all-fours movement. During the day, she hid in a corner away from the light, squatting motionless for hours; at night she prowled around the courtyard, and punctually at ten in the evening, at one and at three in the morning, she howled a peculiar wolfish cry. She lapped her drink, and ate without using her hands, and her sensitive nose enabled her to smell out and steal the entrails of fowls and other refuse from the rubbish bin. When the other children tried to make friends with her, she bared her teeth and snarled; only towards little Amala, her companion in the wolf-den, did she show any friendliness.

This is a terrifying picture of what can become of a human child of eight if it is deprived of all the social influences of a normal family and companions. But one must not misjudge Kamala. Her condition was not a mere degeneracy, a failure to become fully human; it was in some ways a remarkable achievement in becoming adapted to a wolf's existence. Her feeding methods were animal, but she was clean and left no scraps; she was 'house-trained'; her rapid all-fours run must have taken some learning; and she had even copied her foster-mother in trembling her ears when frightened, calling into play muscles which most people cannot use at all.

In the orphanage, she was cared for with infinite patience by the Singhs; every day Mrs. Singh

gave her an hour or two's massage, which played a great part in building up her confidence in her new human companions, and in educating her towards normal human posture and movement. When Amala died, after ten months, Kamala shed two tears, but the expression on her face did not change. A month or two later, she would approach Mrs. Singh and take her hand. After about eighteen months in the orphanage, she began to walk on her knees, but her muscles were so adapted to crawling that it was another year before she stood alone. In another six months she had so far forgotten wolf ways as to be afraid of the dark. At the same time, she began to speak her first words—'bha' for rice, 'am Jab' for I will—but it was two more years before she had a vocabulary of as many as thirty words. By that time she walked on her feet, she had began to be bashful of her nakedness and took pride in her frock; and she had developed a sense of social responsibility, and showed pleasure when she could help the babies and run errands for Mrs. Singh. By the time she had been seven years in the orphanage, she behaved like a normal little girl of three, although her real age must have been about sixteen.

And so, very slowly but steadily, Kamala was brought back to human ways before she died at the age of about seventeen. There is a lot to be learnt from the progress of her re-education. Like her original adaptation to wolf-life, it demonstrates again the extraordinary plasticity of the human mind, which even after the age of eight can throw off, though with difficulty, the ingrained habits of the whole of its past life. Growing-up is a twofold process; our nervous and muscular mechanisms have an inherent tendency to pass through a standard series of changes, but they can only do so if the external conditions of family-life and upbringing are suitable to allow one stage to develop fully and pass into the next in the sequence.

DRINKING-WATER FROM THE SEA

THE problem of enabling shipwrecked men in a small lifeboat to get drinking-water out of the sea is not easy. Dr. Parker, of the Water Pollution Research Laboratory, has recently summarised the various methods which have been tried.

Probably the most hopeful method is the simplest; to boil the water, and cool and condense the steam in a still. The difficulty is to design a still which is light, very sturdy, and efficient. At present it seems to be possible to get about five or six volumes of pure water for each volume of spirit burned as fuel, but the apparatus is still too fragile to be quite satisfactory.

Various other methods, not requiring such complicated apparatus, have been tried. For instance, some jellies (e.g. silica gel) will absorb water vapour, and give it out again on heating; but the best one can hope for is for the jelly to take up about a fifth of its own weight, so that the weight of jelly plus fuel to heat it becomes excessive. Again some substances will dissolve in warm sea water, but, when the water cools, separate out again as crystals which contain pure water which they give up again on heating. But again the process is less efficient than distillation. One could make pure water by freezing salt water and remelting the first-formed ice; but once more the refrigeration apparatus, and the fuel to run it, take up more room than the water they could make.

A different method would be by pumping sea-water through a filter. Some membranes (the so-called 'semi-permeable membranes') will let the water through but keep back the salts; but naturally the pores have to be excessively fine, the pressure required to pump the water through at any appreciable rate is so great that no membranes are known which will stand up to it satisfactorily.

A final method is an adaptation of the common water-softening devices which are in general use for adjusting the hardness of ordinary domestic water supplies. There are certain substances which will exchange bases with water which passes over them; for instance, they will extract calcium and magnesium and replace them with sodium. Recently new materials with similar properties have been discovered by workers on plastics. Some of these will remove sodium, calcium and magnesium, replacing them with hydrogen, which makes the water acid. It would still not be fit to drink. But the plastics chemists have developed acid-exchanging resins, which will remove the acid and replace it with the 'hydroxyl', which, together with hydrogen, makes up ordinary water. Pure water can be made from sea-water in this way; but so far the volume of exchange materials required is about the same as the volume of pure water obtained—so nothing is gained.

Dr. Parker ends his discussion with the rather melancholy words: 'Meanwhile, arrangements have been made to provide lifeboats with larger quantities of drinking-water than had previously been the practice.' For once, science has been beaten (so far).

Oswald Spengler's 'The Decline of the West'

Reviewed by JAMES EASTWOOD

I FELL into conversation with him as the launch chugged its way across the Zuider Zee. He was a New Englander, a product of Harvard, living in Europe (because it was 'old') on a private income. Rembrandt had brought him to Holland; Goethe was beckoning him to Weimar, Wagner to Beyreuth, Mozart to Salzburg. Italy claimed him twice a year, in Spring and Autumn. He was a charming companion and immensely 'cultured' —you dipped into him, as it were, and never came out empty-handed. Our conversation was usually about art and books. But one day in Amsterdam, it turned to politics—the reason being that across the frontier in Germany the Reichstag was ablaze. 'Ah,' said my friend with a satisfaction that I thought odd in one so averse to the ugly, the violent, 'the day of the Cæsars is coming now with a vengeance. Kemal, Mussolini, and now Adolf Hitler!' Then he inquired whether I had read *The Decline of the West*. 'Read that,' he said, 'and politics, indeed, life in general, won't be a mystery any more.' I had always somehow fought shy of Spengler, but that was a recommendation I simply couldn't ignore. I went and bought Mr. Charles Francis Atkinson's magnificent translation.

That is why for me *The Decline of the West* is a book of yesterday, in spite of its immense topical interest. It seems to belong to the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, when one war was still fresh in the memory and there were only distant and uncertain rumblings of the next one. Nevertheless, the first volume was written before the outbreak of the last war; and the laborious task of revision was completed during the war years when Spengler was living in desperate poverty. It is, I think, a remarkable sidelight on the German mentality that such a great scholar was able at such a time to envisage with apparent calm and even satisfaction scores of years of 'wars of annihilation'. Not that Spengler was alone among the German intelligenzia in believing in the historical inevitability and rightness (in the moral sense) of war, but never has the case been stated with greater skill and with greater apparent soundness of proof.

The first edition was brought out by a Viennese publisher, and not until the third edition in 1919 did a German firm take over—so disturbed were book trade conditions in the Reich. The work was immediately successful and its author became a comparatively rich man. Its sceptical, disillusioned tone, its very erudition, found a ready echo in the mind of the cultured continental who had read much but whose ideas were stereotyped and spirits numb. Mr. T. S. Eliot's great poem 'The Waste Land' produced a not dissimilar effect over here and in America. Both men apparently took all knowledge as their province; one, temporarily, lost his faith; the other found it only in the contemplation of historical necessity, the inevitability and power of 'technics' and future Cæsars. The Continent had suffered more and Spengler's ideas spread and found approval with astonishing rapidity, for his style was eloquent, his interpretation seemingly unanswerable; Eliot's poem, because of its difficulty, was hailed only by comparatively small circles of British and American intellectuals.

Not that Spengler's conclusions passed entirely unchallenged. Henri Lichtenberger of the University of Paris, and Paul Fauconnet of the Sorbonne were critical interpreters; while in Italy there was a spectacular literary duel between Giuseppe Rensi, who defended Spengler, and Benedetto Croce, the opponent. In Russia, the first volume won enthusiastic praise, but there was a change of mind when the second volume convicted the Soviets of having acted against their country's interests. In Germany itself, of course, every professor of philosophy was a Spengler critic. Some thirty weighty volumes have been written about *The Decline of the West* in the German language alone. There are Spanish and Japanese translations.

The philosophy is built up on an elaborate structure of historical analogies and comparisons. Three types of soul are distinguished: the Apollinian, the Magian, the Faustian, the entirely

distinct natures of which are made evident in terms of symbols.

'The Apollinian Culture recognised as actual only that which was immediately present in terms of space. . . . The Faustian strove through all sensuous barriers towards infinity. . . . The Magian felt all happening as an expression of mysterious powers that filled the world-cavern with their spiritual substance.' When a Culture has achieved complete self-expression, Civilisation comes—which means 'existence without inner form, megalopolitan art as a commonplace, luxury, sport, nerve-excitement, rapidly changing fashions in art'—and that is the beginning of the end. Art, which for 'culture-man' was spontaneous and symbolic of the entire inner being, dies and technics flourish. Money is power. 'I see in Cecil Rhodes,' writes Spengler, 'the first man of a new age. He stands for the political style of a far-ranging, Western, Teutonic and especially Western German future, and his phrase "expansion is everything" is the Napoleonic reassertion of the indwelling tendency of every Civilisation that has fully ripened—Roman, Arab or Chinese. It is not a matter of choice—it is not the conscious will of individuals, or even that of whole classes or peoples that decides. The expansive tendency is a doom, something daemonic and immense, which grips, forces into service, and uses up the late mankind of the world-city stage, willy-nilly, aware or unaware. Life is the process of effecting possibilities, and for the brain-man (as opposed to the intuitive culture-man) there are only extensive possibilities.'

And again: 'The coming of Cæsarism breaks the dictature of money and its political weapon, democracy. . . . Money is overthrown and abolished only by blood. *Life* is alpha and omega, the cosmic onflow of microcosmic form. . . . We have not the freedom to reach to this or to that, but the freedom to do the necessary or to do nothing. And a task that historic necessity has set *will* be accomplished with the individual or against him.

'"Mankind" has no aim, no idea, no plan, any more than the family of butterflies or orchids. . . I see world-history as a picture of endless formations and transformations, of the marvellous waxing and waving of organic forms. The professional historian, on the contrary, sees it as a sort of tapeworm industriously adding on to itself one epoch after another.'

No quotation, no paraphrase can convey the character of the book, its tremendous cumulative effect, its sheer fascination as a philosophical *tour de force*. Indeed, its essential artistic quality (Spengler valued highly the intuitive approach to history) must have tended to obscure the grimness of its message, leaving the reader overwhelmed by the rich texture of the narrative, the unbounding confidence of the author as he plunges boldly into the historical undergrowth. Today we can be astonished at the uncanny accuracy of Spengler's forecasts and appalled at the outlook. We face apparently decades of 'wars of annihilation', the 'inward decline of the nations into a formless population, and the constitution thereof as an Imperium of gradually-increasing crudity of despotism'. And this leads to a 'maturing of the final form. Private and family policies of individual leaders. The world as spoil . . . Primitive human conditions slowly thrust up into the highly-civilised mode of living'.

Detailed criticism is, of course, only possible for specialists in the great variety of subjects Spengler touches upon. But the following more general points may be raised.

Spengler asserts that culture is the product of the soul of man awakening from surrounding chaos. But if his theory is right, soul must culminate in soullessness. A difficult philosophical pill to swallow!

He frequently states that it is impossible for men of different ages and cultures to penetrate to the essence of cultures other than their own. But Spengler himself endeavours to do so with no small success. It is, I think, indisputable that there is a certain amount of continuity in world history, despite the tapeworm analogy.

Again, it is dangerous to build up a philosophy on selected material, no matter how skilfully made.

Spengler acknowledges his debt to Goethe, and yet he differs from his master on more than one essential point. As Mr. William H. Hale has said: the essentials of Goethe's philosophy are *Das Schaffende*—the creating; *Das Bildende*—the developing; *Das Ewig Weibliche, das uns hinanzieht*—the power of love, that eternally draws us upwards and on. But Spengler denies this. Mr. Hale writes: 'We must die, not in the attempt to fulfil our great and tragic ambitions, but in the blank necessity of decay.' Spengler's philosophy is a denial of reason and humanism. It is also a denial of humanity's evolutionary right to survival.

He talks glibly about wars of annihilation, but so extensive has the world crisis become that the survival of the species in a form bearing human characteristics is problematical. The spread of totalitarianism will see to that, unless sufficient

numbers of men regain sufficient faith in things of the spirit to resist. And this brings me to what is, I think, the most serious defect in Spengler's philosophy. He almost entirely neglects the essentials of biological and spiritual evolution as established by modern research. It is now clear beyond doubt that in the entire biological advance from the most primitive forms of life right up to the completion of man's physique, as Mr. Gerald Heard writes: 'the one clear co-ordinating achievement is heightened awareness. The task of life is the retention of general awareness and the avoidance of any partial apprehension or absorption which would blunt or restrict that expanding sensitiveness.' But man still possesses a store of evolutionary energy, that, failing to find adequate outlet, bursts out in a violent convulsion that in the past was dangerous but which now with modern techniques is likely to be deadly to all civilised living. That energy must find a new outlet in expanded consciousness, for that is the only advance possible; and only if he makes that advance can man avoid the doom that Spengler portrays. For once man has risen above self, and by the scientific perfection of techniques long known to the mystics, has gained knowledge of the deeper meaning of life, he cannot fail to master both himself and his environment.

This is not the place to explore this subject further; but it is worth noting that Spengler virtually ignores all attempts that have been made to advance on these lines. We read little or nothing about the Hermetics, the Therapeutæ; his intuition fails him when he does not perceive the significance of Elijah the Fakir and Elisha the Yogin; he neglects the Essene society, a colony of which, living on the shores of the Dead Sea, certainly made notable advances in the technique for expanding consciousness. He also fails to do justice to the achievements of the Delphic priests with the help of their peasant women mediums. He under-estimates the Christian mystical tradition. That all such attempts to live purposively were abortive does not detract from their importance. To go on living without acknowledging the importance of that tradition, acting upon it and developing it, will mean that Spengler's philosophy of doom will certainly be the blue print for the future history not only of Western man but of mankind. Its greatest fault and our greatest hope is that it neglects the possibility of a psychical evolution which will permit Mr. Wells' *Homo Tewler* to become *Homo Sapiens*. Read Spengler, by all means, but don't leave your Huxley and Heard on the shelf.

ART FRONT

TATE GALLERY'S WARTIME ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BLAKE'S GHOSTS

'It was a horrible grim figure, scaly, speckled, very awful stalking downstairs.' So William Blake described a ghostly personage he encountered one evening in his house. He made various drawings of the ghosts and spectres which were his frequent visitors, they are 'grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men'. A friend sat with him one night; a ghost was posing. 'He frowns,' said Blake. 'He is displeased with my portrait.'

The designs in the present exhibition certainly compel the belief that Blake saw more clearly with his visionary eye than with his mortal one.

His composition has a rushing, flame-like quality: the result of rhythms which ascend in swift curves from the nodal points of the pattern: resembling plant forms in which the leaves spring upward from a central stem. The nearest natural counterpart of their weaving rhythm can be found in the endless winding motions of water-weeds growing in a strong current.

The splendid 'Elijah about to ascend in the Chariot of Fire' foreshadows, in its breadth and freedom, the most modern conceptions of design and technique.

It is a big jump from Blake to Mathew Smith and Duncan Grant: both these fine artists have a strong, even gorgeous, sense of decoration.

A MODERN BEARDSLEY?

E. Burra is not widely known and stands apart from any particular school or tendency. 'Mexican Church' has an overheated atmosphere, the shapes droop rather than grow and have an air of being formed of some soft material capable of easy collapse. His work has undoubted personality and great power of invention and will be much liked by those with a taste for exotic elaboration realised with a genuine intensity.

Among the many fine additions to the collection are works by Wilson Steer, Augustus John, Stanley Spencer, Frances Hodgkins, Henry Moore and Edward Bawden.

The Tate Gallery is to be specially congratulated on acquiring some excellent paintings by little-known artists, most notably C. Mahoney's 'Expulsion from Eden', and G. Rhoades 'Winter Afternoon, Chalk Farm'.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

The Bookseller in Wartime

For nine years Edmund Segrave has edited The Bookseller, *one of the most widely quoted trade journals in the world. Apart from that, he reads books in manuscript, reviews them when they get into print and discusses them in broadcast talks*

THE bookseller in wartime is in much the same condition as Voltaire's cat when it climbed a tree: what it gained in status it lost in peace of mind. There is no doubt that the war has improved the status of the bookshop. Before the war the proportion of the population that felt easy in a bookshop was very small; to the vast majority it was regarded as a sort of Eccentrics Club wherein the ordinary citizen might intrude at his peril. Since the war began many thousands of people have crossed the bookseller's threshold for the first time in their lives. Many of them are young men and women in the Services and in the war industries. They have gone into the bookshops to obtain the nursing handbooks, the Home Guard manuals, the primers of aerodynamics and navigation and engineering, and the other thousand and one technical books which are now the essential tools of their various wartime employments. The importance of the service which the bookshop thus performs can hardly be overstressed.

Nor do these new customers confine themselves exclusively to technical manuals. The attraction of a bookshop, once a person has overcome whatever reluctances have previously impeded his entry to it, are irresistible. Moreover, books are not subject to Purchase Tax and do not require coupons. Although there has been a very great reduction in the number of new books published, and while supplies of all kinds of books are far from unlimited, there is no immediate danger of books being rationed. The bookshop in wartime is about the likeliest place in which to find a present for an intelligent person. This, again, has been the cause of many book buyers entering the bookshop for the first time. The place offers relaxation and entertainment at a time when recreation of mind is more essential than it has ever been before. The gratitude for books expressed by soldiers stationed in places where reading is often the only entertainment obtainable must be well known to most of my readers and requires no explanation from me. Indeed the bookshop seems for the first time to be within measurable distance of attaining the rôle prescribed for it in an admirable but apparently forgotten report entitled *The Teaching of English in England*, produced a fair number of years ago by a committee appointed by the Board of Education. 'In every town,' said the report, 'the bookseller's shop should become what in university cities and in one or two other favoured spots it already is: a centre of literary interest and enlightenment.'

The foregoing considerations, if taken by themselves, would nevertheless present a greatly distorted picture of the bookshop at the present time. The advantageous position they suggest is effectively governed by the conditions of supplies and labour. During the air-raids of 1940–41 not less than 20,000,000 volumes were destroyed by enemy action on publishers' warehouses, on printers and binderies. Very few of them can be replaced until after the war. The Publishers' Association have compiled statistics showing that more than 37,000 titles, which in the ordinary course of things would be available at the present time, are now unobtainable. Book publishers are limited to a paper ration of 37½ per cent of their consumption during 1939 (a year, it should be remembered, in which recurrent alarms and preoccupations had a depressing effect on the publishing of new books). It seems inevitable that

the number of unobtainable books will increase progressively as the war continues.

Probably even more harassing, from the bookseller's point of view, than the book shortage itself, are the unavoidable delays in book production and distribution. An important item in a bookseller's working life are the 'answers' he receives from the publishers or from his wholesaler to his orders. If he receives the answer 'out of print' that, at any rate in these days, is pretty certainly the end of the matter. The news may be a disappointment to him and to his customer, but he knows where he stands. There are other answers, however, with which every bookseller is familiar, that cast gloom and uncertainty over his working day. The commonest of these consist of the cabalistic signs 'O/S', 'R/P', 'Bdg.', and mean that the book wanted is, as the case may be, 'out of stock', 'reprinting' or 'binding'. Before the war 'Bdg.' might mean a delay of a week or so, perhaps even of as much as three weeks. Nowadays, with binding constituting the chief bottle-neck in book production, it may mean a delay of three months or more. 'R/P' means that the chances of obtaining the book before his customer decides he doesn't want it are one stage further removed, while as for 'O/S' ...

The result is that the bookseller's order-book is now a nightmare to him, particularly since he is in almost every case endeavouring to carry on without experienced staff. His male assistants are in the forces, his female staff are being called up for one or another form of national service. It should be mentioned here that a capable bookshop assistant requires very much more training and experience than the average book buyer suspects. The customer who knows exactly what he or she wants and can name title and author is the exception and not the rule. Every bookseller can give you endless examples of the hare-brained vagueness which seems to afflict otherwise capable shoppers the moment they enter a bookshop. Within the last month I have myself heard a customer in a bookshop ask for 'that nice book about Wales, something about a Mountain.' When the assistant, without a moment's hesitation, reached for a copy of *How Green Was My Valley*, the customer said: 'Ah, yes; that's it,' with obvious pleasure in her own explicitness. This sort of thing is child's play to the trained assistant; it does not come so easily to the untrained ones who are now expected to give the same service. The young girl who now serves you cannot remember the contents of the publishers' catalogues as her predecessor remembered them; she cannot go to a table of pamphlets and sixpennies and pick out unerringly this week's publication on Japanese aggression or on garden manures; she cannot carry in her head the details of wholesalers' promises regarding tomorrow's deliveries. Be patient, then, when next you visit your bookshop and the book you ask for is not immediately placed in your hand.

Is the bookseller, as a trader, as well off as he was before the war? I do not know. Probably his turnover has maintained itself; it may even be increased. I should say that the country booksellers (in book trade argot booksellers in London are called 'town' booksellers, the others are 'country'), especially those in reception areas, have benefited considerably from evacuation and movements of population. Also, in the industrial areas, the bookseller who makes a good showing of technical books is probably doing reasonably well.

In this connection, however, there are two things to be taken into account. One is that the couple of years immediately preceding the outbreak of war were of such surpassing leanness that many booksellers stared disaster in the face. A bookseller who has made ends meet over the last five years has done a good job of work.

The other is the diminution in his supply of sidelines. In peacetime, it is probably fair to say, the majority of booksellers considered it to be axiomatic that new bookselling (new, that is, as distinct from second-hand bookselling) could not be made to pay. A bookseller depended for his profits, therefore, upon his sidelines—upon envelopes and pen nibs, pots of gum and plaster busts of Shakespeare, book-ends and poker-work calendars. His heart may have been in his book stocks, but his head recognised the importance of the 'other counter'. It was the other counter that made the bright bookshelves possible: as one book trade commentator bluntly points out, toilet rolls have done more for English literature than a generation of critics.

This subsidising of books has been ended by the Limitation of Supplies orders. The sidelines are no longer available. One bookseller, for instance, who sold £450 worth of fountain pens in 1940, tells me that he obtained under his quota only £20 worth in 1941. You have to sell a great many extra books to make up a loss of trade of that size. For the duration of the war, it is clear, bookselling must stand on its own feet. At the moment—and this may be one of the more notable achievements in bookselling history—it seems to be managing tolerably well.

Problems of the Danube Basin

By C. A. Macartney (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d. net)

Reviewed by WICKHAM STEED

So much has been written upon the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, often by men and women who could have had no experience of its peculiar realities and seemingly baffling complexities, that I began to read Mr. Macartney's little study of the *Danube Basin* with something less than an open mind. Convenient though it is to group round 'the Danube' a number of political and economic problems on which the River Danube itself has little bearing, it may be misleading to suggest that because the peoples whom these problems affect are near or border upon the Danube Basin, the Danubian element should be given precedence over other elements equally or more important. Yet, with one or two reservations, I have read Mr. Macartney's work with pleasure. It is a serious contribution to contemporary political knowledge that can be recommended, as a sort of primer, to earnest students.

Obviously, Mr. Macartney has worked hard and travelled much. Otherwise he could not have packed into less than 160 small pages the thought and learning that distinguish his volume. If, as a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, he has written somewhat 'don-ishly'—I had more than once to look up the precise meaning of his words in the Oxford Dictionary—he may claim, as an extenuating circumstance, that any man who has wrestled with these 'Danubian' problems knows how hard it is to explain them in simple language.

My reservations are negative rather than positive. Mr. Macartney does not bring out as clearly as he might have done the nefarious influence of the Magyar oligarchy of large landowners and nobles upon Hungarian and Austro-Hungarian policy before the last great war, or upon Admiral Horthy's 'Regency' since then. The existence of this oligarchy remains a major 'Danubian problem'. Nor does he directly discredit the legend that the Hapsburg Monarchy was 'dismembered' from without, ostensibly against the wishes of its peoples, whereas in reality it exploded from within. And he is less than shrewd in accepting the Hungarian census of 1910 as a trustworthy statistical record. I was in Austria-Hungary when that census was taken. Despite my protests I was written down as a 'German' in Vienna because I admitted that I usually talked German in Austria; and thousands of other non-Germans were reckoned as 'Germans' for the same reason. Yet this was a mild form of 'faking'. In Hungary the census was taken by methods that justify Mr. Macartney's statement—in another connection—that 'the Magyars often behaved with the greatest chauvinism and intolerance'. They did not use mere dodges. They dragooned the non-Magyars into making false returns. So I think Mr. Macartney a trifle ingenuous when he says, approvingly, that 'under the census of 1910' the proportion of Magyars to non-Magyars (reckoned by language) 'just topped the 50 per cent'.

Many readers will turn from Mr. Macartney's mainly accurate analysis of the past to his chapter on 'The Future', and will find his suggestions for an economic and political co-ordination of Central and South Eastern Europe worthy of attention. Yet they may wish that he could have indicated, even tentatively, his own answers to some of the questions he raises, as, for instance, in the following passage: 'The Eastern slopes of the Bohemian mountains, Vienna, even Silesia, perhaps even Trieste, may not belong to Eastern Europe under our political definition thereof; but their inclusion would certainly strengthen it economically. The statesmen of the future will presumably have to weigh, to the best of their ability, the national against the economic, perhaps also the strategic arguments for and against the inclusion of each of these in Eastern Europe. The answers cannot be given here.'

Nevertheless, Mr. Macartney is to be congratulated upon having faced frankly one of the hardest 'Danubian' questions—that of the Jews. I have long been convinced that no territorial or economic rearrangement of Central or Eastern Europe can be satisfactory unless it include at least the beginnings of a just and firm solution of the Jewish problem. Mr. Macartney says: 'Almost every (Danubian) country has decided not only that the share of its national income earned by its Jews was too large, but that their influence on almost every branch of its national life, including

in particular the cultural aspects thereof, was larger than it was prepared to tolerate. This has not been due entirely (although it has partly) to vulgar spite and jealousy, but partly to a sincere feeling that the Jews are after all a profoundly different people, who can never be assimilated, and that their products, in whatever language they are clothed, can never be the national products of the people concerned.'

This may be a deplorable fact, but it is a fact; and it lies at the root of much of the sneaking sympathy which Hitler's anti-semitism once commanded even in Western Europe. Some wise, just and truly humanitarian approach to a solution of this problem will have to be made in the highest interests of Jewry itself.

WICKHAM STEED

SHORTER NOTICES

VICTORIAN PRELUDE

A History of English Manners 1700–1830

By Maurice J. Quinlan. New York, Columbia University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 20s.

In the interval between two World Wars the prestige of the Victorian era was perhaps at its lowest ebb. It became almost impossible to understand how people could have lived through such a period of such 'stuffiness'—in morals, manners and interior decoration. Even the greatness of the Victorians themselves was brought in question, and a whole army of writers set themselves the agreeable task of exploding nineteenth-century reputations and pulling down the mighty from their seats. It was enough to abuse; there was little effort to understand.

That effort has now been made with characteristic American thoroughness, leaving no stone unturned and no avenue unexplored. The very interesting method adopted is to ignore the actual reign of Victoria, but to seek the roots of what we call Victorianism as far back as they can be traced, or at least to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The result is curiously instructive if not a little saddening. For there was much good in Victorianism (to me this convenient term for the puritan humanitarianism which is actually much older), much high thinking, much genuine devotion and philanthropy. But what gave the movement its strength, and what causes us to turn aside from it with a certain distaste, was the discovery by the rising middle classes that morality (especially the morality of the poor) could be made to show a profit.

The project succeeded. The lower classes were reformed. Brutality and drunkenness were diminished, literacy increased, a new kind of Englishman emerged. Much that was evil vanished, but with it went the last traces of what had once been 'Merrie England'. Mr. Quinlan with great patience and an elaborate documentation, has studied the whole process. His most amusing chapter is devoted to 'Expurgators', containing incredible examples of the mingled arrogance and folly of Bowdler, Plumptre and the rest. The whole work constitutes a solemn warning of the danger to liberty and to the very existence of the arts when self-appointed moralists find themselves in power. JAMES LAVER

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

A Sample of Life 1901–1951. By H. G. Wells. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s.

Mr. Wells is at pains to make clear that his new novel is not directly concerned with ideas, his aim being quite simply to tell the story of Edward Albert Tewler. But towards the end, in warning us not to give ourselves superior airs when considering the unheroic hero's fate, the author informs us that '*You* are Tewler,' and continues, 'Search your memories sedulously, humble yourself before the truth. You are Tewler and I am Tewler.' Nevertheless, Edward Albert, despite our uncomfortable kinship, is, in Mr. Wells's hand, a character in his own right, and we may follow his dismal career, so brilliantly and wittily described, with a certain unhealthy detachment. Mr. Wells sometimes intrudes in the neo-Fielding manner, but the intrusions are neither impolite nor uninstructive. The novel is suitably concluded with an appendix containing two diagrams: one showing the evolution of the placental mammals, the other the ancestry of man. This, of course, helps enormously to make the ideas clear. Home Tewler is a ghastly flop, but: 'There is a way out and up, but only a fellowship of resentment and disillusionment can lead to

that. We can make no terms with falsehood. Mankind has to be debunked. When Man realises his littleness, his greatness can appear. But not before. The priests, the scribes and pharisees, propitiatory Pilate and compromising Judas, will fight to the last against the release of Cosmopolis and the great brotherhood of *sapiens* that will ensue.'

J. H. EASTWOOD

KHAKI AND GOWN

By Lord Birdwood. Illustrated. *Ward, Lock.* 18s.

Closely detailed recollections of Indian Army life during peacetime and active service in South Africa, at Gallipoli, and on the Western Front, with a surprising academic interlude at Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which college the gallant Field-Marshal became Master. 'I admit,' he says, 'that it was with some trepidation that I first took my place among men whom I, a soldier and an ignoramus, must surely be pardoned for regarding as literary giants and intellectual bruisers!' But he was as popular at Cambridge as in other parts of the globe and left his college the richer for eighteen good bathrooms and several showers. There are revealing glimpses of Lord Kitchener from an unsuspected angle.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

'There isn't room in this house for belles'-lettres and me both.' S. R. L.

VINEGAR—AND CREAM

By H. T. W. Bousfield. *Murray.* 8s. 6d.

This collection of short stories betrays a profusion of imagination not unexpected in an eminent advertising executive. There is great variety in setting and characters; there are flights into the fantastic and bizarre. The author can tell his stories without superfluous words and his wit sparkles in the right places.

THE RICH HOUSE

By Stella Gibbons. *Longmans, Green & Co.* 8s. 6d.

This long novel will alienate none of Miss Gibbons' admirers and may increase the considerable number of her fans. Though lacking the superb satire of 'Cold Comfort Farm', this is a closely-knit, richly human story of a Brighton-esque seaside resort and its residents, though not its visitors. The old, retired actor, his grandson, discovering his genius belatedly, the lovely yet untalented Marjorie, Pauline, the 'Nut Brown Maiden', little Mrs. Pask, all become our personal friends after a few pages. It is an escapist novel in the sense that the approach of war is only dim and vague and the Tolstoy quotation at the beginning deftly wards off any reproach of dodging the problems of topicality.

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S ENGLISH JOURNEY

By J. W. Drawbell. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

Dorothy Thompson is an excellent journalist and a staunch friend of Britain; Mr. Drawbell is an outspoken and dynamic editor. When Miss Thompson visited England, Mr. Drawbell was her cicerone. The visit gave birth to this book, a fine and breathless chronicle of a pilgrimage which was also good publicity.

PAUL TABORI

BESIDES CHURCHILL—WHO?

By Capt. Cunningham Reid, D.F.C., M.P.

W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd., 2s. 6d.

Apart from the general statement that he knows twenty-one first-class men, some of whom are already in Parliament, who would be a fine asset to the Government, the author does not answer the question which his title poses; nor does he suggest any method by which the public could remove the abuses of which he complains.

The book is actually an attack on the Whips' Office, on its method of recruitment and on the power it exercises over the selection of candidates for Parliament, over their careers in Parliament, over the daily business of Parliament, and over the appointment of Ministers and the award of honours. It also exposes some little-known Parliamentary practices and shows how difficult it is, under present procedure, to remove inefficient Ministers and officials.

Anyone inclined to support Mr. A. P. Herbert's contention that Parliament is the correct field in which to seek reforms should first consider Capt. Cunningham Reid's revelations of the conditions under which he must labour.

A. M. LACEY

H. M. PULHAM ESQUIRE

By John P. Marquand. *Robert Hale.* 9s.

Faced with the unwelcome task of writing an account of himself for the twenty-fifth anniversary of his 'Class' at Harvard, Harry Pulham examines his past. Being a modest, diffident kind of man, he finds little of interest in the result. The reader, on the contrary, finds it absorbing. His education as a gentleman was long and exhaustive—leaving him at heart still the prep-school boy of thirty years ago. Two episodes which should have altered his whole life he tries to forget: his experiences in France, which only seryed to cut him off from those at home, and his love affair with Marvin, which never entirely dies. Family tradition forces him to abandon it; he does what is expected of him, only to be hurt and bewildered at the result.

He is over-anxious about trifles, inadequate in his relations with other people, nervous with his children and embarrassed about sex. Out of his depth in conversation he is none the less shrewdly observant, unconsciously amusing. Faithfully he examines his life: the daily arguments with his wife (very reminiscent of *The Diary of a Nobody*), his affection for the friend who is deceiving him, his efforts to understand a world that has grown beyond him. Sometimes, fleetingly, he suspects that he has chosen the wrong course—but 'maybe that's all there is to anybody's life'.

The portrait is beautifully, even affectionately, drawn; every detail clear, every line perfect. It is a brilliant novel, as rich at a second reading as at the first.

OLIVE JONES

NO COMMON GLORY

By David Pilgrim. *Macmillan.* 9s.

The collaborators who gave us *So Great a Man* have produced the first part of an historical romance, just as original and understanding as their story of the young Napoleon. This time it is James de la Cloche, beloved bastard of Charles II, a remarkable young man whom fate throws from Jersey to the Court of Louis XIV, into Restoration London, on deck of a man-o'-war fighting the Dutch and once more into Whitehall. The story moves fast but it has nothing of the unreal quality of a cloak and sword romance. Perhaps the most attractive character is 'Snubs', James's step-sister. Molière, too, stalks through some of the chapters, the philosophic and unhappy clown with a broken heart; but the authors make him more alive than just a stock character. Readers of *No Common Glory* should be looking forward to *The Grand Design*, a promised sequel.

PAUL TABORI

SECKER AND WARBURG

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by ARGONAUT **6s. net**

This detailed study by an expert of the hindrances to full war production is likely to become the centre of a great campaign for all-out effort.

BLESS 'EM ALL

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An analysis of the morale, efficiency, and leadership of the British Army, which must soberly be described as sensational.

FAITH FOR LIVING

by LEWIS MUMFORD **7s. 6d. net**

New edition of a book which has been unobtainable for six months. 'The best book to put forward ideas for the salvaging of civilisation.'—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

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A profound study by America's foremost critic of the mechanism of artistic creation, with long studies of Dickens and Kipling.

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by OLAF STAPLEDON

We must rid ourselves of the mental lumber of the past and work out a new moral basis for the individual in society.

LIFE AND THE POET

by STEPHEN SPENDER

States the importance of poetic values today and defends the status of the poet in modern society.

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON

By Rebecca West. Two volumes. *Macmillan.* 42s.

This stupendous work of over 1,200 pages certainly deserves to be called Miss West's 'magnum opus'. She has spent five years in writing it and the result is the complete picture of a country, now submerged in the horror of Nazi domination, but indomitable. It would be an insult to call it anything resembling a guide book, yet in the happy post-war days no tourist could choose a more intelligent guide to Jugoslavia. It is the spiritual history of a proud people, or rather a number of peoples, closely connected by race and tongue, yet sturdily independent of each other in many ways. Miss West has visited Croatia, Dalmatia, Serbia, Macedonia, Old Serbia and Montenegro. Though her visit was not long, she had previous contacts and her subsequent research work must have been immense. She was also lucky in having a guide during most of her trip who, in spite of temperamental difficulties, must have provided the key to many a mystery. And she was even luckier to have as her travelling companion her husband whose shrewd and apt remarks are a great asset to *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. As long as Britain possesses such intelligent and sensitive bankers as Mr. Andrews, our 'plutodemocracy' need hardly fear a cultural decline. Miss West has also the happy knack of turning history into vivid, pulsating actuality; her descriptions of the assassination in Sarajevo, of the murder of Draga Mashin and Alexander Obrenovitch, of King Alexander at Marseilles, of the battle at Kossowo and some of the more picturesque medieval Serbian kings, brings events and personalities into sharp focus and implants in them fully articulate life. The characters in her story—for it is just as much a story as it is a book of history and philosophy—are excellently drawn. Constantine, the Serbian Jewish poet, his loathsome German wife Gerda, the Croat doctors at the sanatorium, the sister of Chabrinovitch, Dragutin the chauffeur and dozens of others, not forgetting the macabre figure of the mad little monk, give the book an admirable quality of personal contact. The myths of the Grey Falcon and the Black Lamb are woven into a philosophy which is both clear and persuasive; the myth of passive pacifism and the cult of blood finds echoes in our modern politics which Miss West catches with a sharp ear and records with courage and conviction. The style is easy and flexible; I was struck especially by the rendering of foreigners speaking English or German which has been achieved with masterly faithfulness.

Yet there is much to quarrel with for the critic in this book. Miss West has doubtlessly fallen in love with Yugoslavia—and for some reason, most of all with the inhabitants of South Serbia, the Macedonians. She displays a healthy hate for Germans, Turks, Italians, Austrians and Hungarians. Her story has a surfeit of heroes and villains. And when she discovers some blemishes, some crude brutalities in her heroes, she is dismayed and more than once attempts a justification which is far-fetched and laborious. Sometimes her facts are coloured by her prejudices. She declares boldly that Kossuth was a pure Slovak; yet his mother, Teresa Meszlényi, was a pure Hungarian. Nor is it safe to use in that incredible melting pot of races and nationalities which South-Eastern Europe represents, the argument of race or nationality. Her picture of Hungarian intellectuals is entirely misleading; and I can feel only sorry for her that her friends in Budapest were recruited of nitwits who could do nothing except spout irredentist propaganda. Her hairdresser at the Dunapalota might have done so; but there were thousands of Hungarian intellectuals and dozens of Hungarian politicians who knew that Hungary would have to make her final peace with the Little Entente, and among Magyar writers and artists there were many who had given exclusive attention to the internal problems of their country. As a matter of fact, before the war irredentist propaganda was a failure within Hungary; the great majority of the people cared little for the slogan of 'Nem, nem, soha!' It is also disappointing that Miss West has no solution to offer for a co-operation of the Slav, Teuton and Magyar peoples. Her experience and study, her great knowledge of the problems of those regions not only entitle her to offer such a solution but make it almost a duty. Perhaps we can expect it in her next book. Nor do the above blemishes deduct anything from the final immense value of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, which remains a considerable achievement.

PAUL TABORI

'I tell ya, lady, I don't make the news! All I do is handle the sales!' S. R. L.

PASSED AS CENSORED

By Macdonald Hastings. Illustrated. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

Thrills without frills. Equipped with a special green identity card ('with my picture sneering at me on the inside page') and an official armlet—which he has never worn—bearing the password 'Press', a *Picture Post* feature writer has been allowed to probe many wartime activities, alike of the fighting services and the not less heroic combatants, of both sexes, whom the blitzes have called into being on the home front. What the Censor removed is necessarily unrevealed; what he has passed represents the very best type of descriptive journalism: factual, lucid and free from emotionalism: based on trained observation, the gentle art of inoffensive cross-examination, and the ability to turn a phrase.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

MR. BUNTING AT WAR

By Robert Greenwood. *Dent.* 8s.

Mr. Bunting is very much akin to the Mr. Brown of the patriotic hit-song who 'had a job to do' and saved London Town 'when London Bridge was falling down'. He is a solid, unimaginative Londoner, head of the ironmongery department in an old-fashioned store, father of two sons and a daughter, a prey to indigestion and common-sense, expressed in slogans. The fate of his family is described with sensitive understatement by Mr. Greenwood and the figures are very much alive.

PAUL TABORI

I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING

An Althology of Wartime Humour. Edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. *Lindsay Drummond.* 8s. 6d.

This volume preserves the work of many humorists more fittingly than the yellowing files of Fleet Street. The selection of prose, verse, tit-bits, and drawings is representative. Some of it is really funny; all of it is competent and sufficient to fill an idle hour entertainingly enough. In his brief but penetrating introductory note, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis observes that 'the British public now stands, with scarcely a yelp, drawings, prose and verse with a tang of mordancy from which it would have recoiled a quarter of a century ago with cries inspired by spiritual experiences at Lord's and the Oval.' Nevertheless, although I couldn't help laughing, I could have laughed louder.

J. H. EASTWOOD

SELECTED
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ARTHUR BIRNIE
A straightforward account of the development of warfare from the days of the Persian attacks on the Greeks down to the present day. Mr. Birnie traces the constant revision in strategy and tactics made necessary by new methods of warfare. *Illustrated with specially drawn maps and battle plans by J. F. Horrabin.* 7s. 6d. net

Discussing Education
RICHARD WILSON, D.Litt.
A new *Discussion Book*, in which a leading educationist discusses such important topics as: The Frustration of Science; Radio and Drama in the Schools: Education for Democracy; The Publisher as Educator; etc. A provocative and timely *Discussion Book.* 2s. 6d. net

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'The genius of the explanatory map' (*Star*) continues the history of the war up to the beginning of this fateful year. *Ready May 6.* 3s. 6d. net

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An Outline of Money
GEOFFREY CROWTHER
This important volume has again been reprinted in response to the steady demand. It explains the real meaning of money in 'lucid, entertaining, and informative fashion.'—*Truth.* 10s. net

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New Cheap Edition 3s. 6d. net

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No South Africans
G. H. CALPIN
'The most honest and lively political treatise that has come out of South Africa since the country began.'—*Time and Tide.* 10s. net

PARKSIDE WORKS NELSON EDINBURGH 9

EPITAPH FOR EUROPE'

By Paul Tabori. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

An eloquent epitaph on a brief and uneasy life. The author—good Hungarian and good European, given the chance—has tried hard to imagine that it possessed at least an air of stability, but has never quite succeeded. 'There was no sense of impending doom,' he says, 'no, not even after Hindenburg was blackmailed or bullied into making the "Bohemian corporal" Chancellor of the Reich'; but his picture of the Europe whose obsequies he salutes, brightly coloured though it may be, is permeated with the sense of disillusionment, futility and foreboding. 'Slowly and timidly, Europe began to revive,' he says, but it never got into its stride—at any rate into the stride that would lead it to consolidation and the guarantee of peace. Its gaze too frequently was turned backward. Today, perhaps with an excessive readiness to believe that all can be changed, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye', we are convinced that the romantic age has gone, never to return. We have regrets, some of us; but no illusions. Dr. Tabori recapitulates the effects of half-hopes and ill-concealed despair. He has travelled Europe with an observant eye, an indomitable curiosity, a receptive mind, and a catholic power of enjoyment; his survey of life in many places, and from many angles, shows a continent that lay uncomfortably, did she but know it, between the upper and nether millstones. In that sense the book is an historic document. It certainly makes excellent reading.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

Landmarks in the life of

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Here are the facts, authoritatively told by Yaroslavsky, close collaborator with Stalin over many years of revolutionary struggle.

by

E. Yaroslavsky

5/- net

This important book will contribute much to a clearer understanding of Stalin's unique position in the minds and hearts of his contemporaries.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD.

THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT

By S. D. Stirk. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

This is a survey of German literature and politics between 1914 and 1940. Mr. Stirk is primarily concerned to show that Hitlerism is fundamentally a continuation of Prussianism, although the first part of the book attempts to show exactly what Prussianism is. The relevant works of Moeller van den Bruck, Oswald Spengler, Walter Flex, Fritz von Unruh, Ernst Jünger, and others, are examined in some detail. The legend of Frederick the Great is exploded. The second part is more political in character. It is particularly effective in showing how the Nazis have exploited the Prussian sense of duty and devotion to an unselfish ideal which is tragically the ideal of the greatness of the Prussian State, made a hundred times more dangerous by this very devotion. In a brief final section Mr. Stirk has something to say about propaganda to Prussians. Attempts must be made to influence the non-Prussian and anti-Prussian elements, 'but at the same time, with quite different methods and with ever-increasing pressure, an attempt should be made to influence the Prussians; that is to say, our propaganda should aim at the Right, as well as the Left and the Centre.' And he continues: 'our propaganda must make the most use of what might be called the "Prussian dilemma"; the struggle between their spirit of sacrifice, their sense of duty, their traditions of obedience to the state and authority, and the ever-present and gnawing thought that the Nazi leaders and the whole Nazi régime and philosophy are unworthy of their support, because they are destructive of order, efficiency, real communal life, culture and religion, and ultimately of Germany itself. At the same time it should be made clear to the Prussians —and indeed to all Germans—that Germany will not be split up after the war, nor will East Prussia be wrested from her. The Prussians let Hitler and the Nazis in; but in a spirit of restrained optimism and hope one may surely look forward to the time when they will help to throw them out.' This is a learned and stimulating book which is worthy of careful study.

J. H. EASTWOOD

NOSTRADAMUS OR THE FUTURE FORETOLD

By James Laver. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

This is the first detailed study to appear in English of the sixteenth century astrologer whose prophesies overawed his contemporaries, but which have been passed over in more recent times as merely lucky guesses. Mr. Laver, however, is convinced that there is 'something in' Nostradamus, and indeed the evidence marshalled here does prove that that extraordinary man did foresee the future with such an accuracy in detail that any purely sceptical explanation must be hopelessly inadequate. Mr. Laver points out that Nostradamus was essentially Jewish and that his conversion to Catholicism was a façade that concealed from too close a scrutiny the secret learning, and perhaps sorcery, in which the savants of that race were popularly supposed to be immersed. The fact that he was a physician would, of course, give him greatly increased knowledge of and power over his own mental reactions. He must have been a man of remarkable psychical powers, and there are indications that he did in fact possess certain secret and ancient books which may have supplied him with a technique to enable him to realise his astonishing potentialities. In an all too short epilogue, Mr. Laver makes an attempt to explain Nostradamus' achievement, calling to his aid Upton Sinclair's researches, J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment with Time*, and Jung's theory of the 'Collective Unconscious'. But whatever the explanation, the fact remains that in his *Centuries*, published in 1555, Nostradamus prophesied in remarkable detail the death of Henry II of France, which occurred three years later; he knew a great deal about the French Revolution; he was astonishingly well informed about Napoleon's career. And much else besides. Some of his prophesies also refer to our own day. This well-written and fascinating book is yet another proof that, to use Mr. Laver's own phrase, 'the Age of Scepticism' is passing.

SAXON ASHE, SECRET AGENT

Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 3d.

This anonymous thriller is rather disappointing —for Saxon Ashe, the clown Bibobi, does not live up to the reputation the author claims for him. He fights the Nazis in Holland, walks into a trap rather stupidly, is taken to Germany and escapes finally with the help of a British secret agent and a German lady spy who has 'fallen' for him. Things are being done for him but he does little himself. A pity, for the figure has possibilities.

J. H. EASTWOOD

WHAT KIND OF A PEOPLE
By RUPERT DOWNING
Author of 'If I Laugh'
Crown 8vo. 6s. net

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By A. MONNICKENDAM
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Crown 8vo. Paper Cover. 1s. 6d. net

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"This is a book to treasure in these grim times."—*Irish Independent.* Covers the whole field from the 16th century to the present day. 8/6

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DEANA LEVIN
A fresh angle on the social achievements of the U.S.S.R. Miss Levin was a teacher in Moscow, a keen educationalist who has spent many years studying foreign educational systems. 6/-

FABER

WITHOUT MALICE

CHEERS

To Lord Mansfield, who informed the House of Lords that the Government's excuses about the lack of arms for the Home Guard filled him with nausea.

To the commentator of Movietone. His voice is the voice of an advancing army. He takes it that he has a vote of confidence from his audience, and therefore does not ask for one.

JEERS

To the *Sunday Times*, for suggesting in an ill-informed article that the *Daily Mirror* should not complain because the Habeas Corpus Act itself had been suspended. Of course Habeas Corpus has not been suspended. The position is that Habeas Corpus cannot be invoked by persons arrested under 18B.

To Mr. Herbert Morrison, recently described by an M.P. as Minister of National Disaster, who, if he breaks the *Mirror* will certainly get seven years' bad luck.

CHINESE DIALOGUE

Mr. Chin and Mr. Chu stand on a bridge and watch goldfish playfully chasing each other.

Mr. Chin: 'See how happy they are!'

Mr. Chu: 'How do you know they are happy? You are not a goldfish.'

Mr. Chin: 'How do you know I don't know? You are not me!'

INDIAN DIALOGUE

Mr. Krishna and Mr. Ananda quarrelled.

Mr. Krishna: 'Let's call a referee and let him decide who is right.'

Mr. Ananda: 'What is the use of a referee? If he is of your opinion he will side with you; if he is of my opinion he will side with me; if he has an opinion of his own he will stick to it, and we shall be no wiser than before.'

INTELLIGENCE

Henry Luce, the Potentate of *Time* (and *Life*) has during his recent visit to London proved that he is not an Isolationist, as charged. In other words, he is not a 'Lucus a non lucendo'.

Naturalised man to free-born Briton: 'You were born British through the blindness of fate—I became British through wise discernment.'

WAR ECONOMY SUGGESTIONS

Slogan by the Ministry of Food: 'Eat your words'.

Order to the Home Guard for saving ammunition: 'Kill two birds with one pike'.

No sabotage: 'Don't burn your boats'.

Suggestion from the Ministry of Agriculture to the Ministry of Supply: 'Please instruct all tailors to sew wild oats'.

This month's over-conscientious citizen: The man who did not go to the office after reading the clothing order that there must be no more 'turn-ups'.

YOUR QUERIES ANSWERED

What did the fish see in the Atlantic?

Bismarck's bottom.

Why is a man more often in the gutter than a woman?

Because he walks on the outside of the pavement.

When is a *chef* superstitious about thirteen people sitting at the table?

When he has prepared a meal for twelve.

WARSHIP WEEK

Small boy: 'Will you buy a ticket, please? It's a shilling.'

Old lady: 'Haven't you got any for sixpence?'

Small boy: 'We're building warships, not canoes!'

NIKE

WHAT A WORLD!

W.A.A.F.s Deny a Denial

The Air Ministry yesterday denied statements that W.A.A.F. personnel have been issued with black underwear—and the W.A.A.F.s denied the official denial.

W.A.A.F.s say: 'The most important garment of all certainly looks black, although it may be very dark navy blue. We ought to know. We wear it. Anyway we call it "the Blackout".'

Daily Mail

Why not keep these things dark?

Overheard in a Chelsea grocer's shop: 'I can see by the way you behave that you are not a Chelsea man!'

A Company of W.A.A.F.s in the West Midlands want to know the origin of tattooing, and can they get marks off their backs that one of them has put there with an electric needle.

London Daily

Much tattoo about nothing!

Animals Will Talk

Flea to girl friend: 'When we are rich we'll buy a dog!'

One dog to another: 'Aren't bitches women!'

Experienced cow, milked by new Land Girl: 'Take it easy, Dearie, I'll jog up and down.'

And People Too

Man: 'I am a man of few words—is it yes or no?'

Girl: 'You have talked me into it.'

'When on leave be truly *chic*,
Wolsey frocks make strong men weak.'

Advertisement in *Daily Express*

Wanted in the Government: Something to make weak men strong!

A general amnesty for Manchukuo has been announced in Hsinking to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the State.

The Star

Doubtless to prevent that Hsinking feeling!

Two Continents of Women with But One Single Thought

ILLUSTRATED

'Yes, Madam. I've only pinned it up, but you must admit it's snappier'

U.K.

THE NEW YORKER

'Private Hopkins, your slip is showing'

U.S.A.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

KULTUR

Going . . .

IN *Das Junge Deutschland* Bannführer Müller advised forbidding pupils to leave Secondary Schools before taking matriculation, in order to relieve the shortage of academic recruits. At present 40 per cent of the scholars left before matriculating. University education should be the aim of all those entering Secondary Schools, and if necessary State aid should be given from the age of ten, to enable mentally fitted children to have a secondary education. On the other hand, the shortage of teachers made more Secondary Schools impossible. Prof. Kurt Holm deplored the deliberate restriction of families by better class parents who hoped thereby to afford higher education for their children; he thought this would lead to the deterioration of the biological structure of the nation.

Hamburger Fremdenblatt

. . . Going . . .

IT becomes obvious that the academic professions will experience a lack of man-power. According to statistics some liberal professions will experience a shortage of between 40 and 50 per cent. In the case of teachers their number will fall short by 60 per cent of the number required. *Frankfurter Zeitung*

. . . Gone!

THERE is a serious lack of men in the academic branches, which will even increase in the future. The supply for the future is insufficient. In eight years' time there will be 60 to 65 per cent too few lawyers and school teachers—50,000 to 80,000 too few. It is impossible to increase the number of students, so they must be better distributed among the different professions in order that more students train in the necessary professions. One should pay extreme attention to the fact that 40 per cent of High School pupils do not finish their courses. When this is a result of unsuitability nothing can be done, but we should see to it that no economic considerations interfere. *Koelnische Zeitung*

The Satellites Follow Suit

BECAUSE of the shortage of specialists the Ministry of Education in Bucharest has decided to terminate the studies of the seventh and eighth classes in the crafts schools as from March 15th. Pupils in the seventh class will stop studying after an abbreviated course in the eighth class and then be employed in industry.

Donau Zeitung
Belgrade

Step-Mother Tongues

IN all Croatian schools German and Italian will henceforth be taught as the only foreign languages. *Frankfurter Zeitung*

A Revelation!

'WITHOUT the conviction that we depend as much upon the spiritual development of the younger generation as upon the training of body and character, the problem cannot be solved.' *Das Junge Deutschland*

Maître Malgré Lui

A RADICAL solution has now been agreed upon. The Hitler Youth, in collaboration with the schools, will in the near future nominate candidates for the teaching profession, who will be required to attend ten- to twelve-day camps run this summer by the Hitler Youth. At the end of this brief period, suitable candidates will be selected for admission to the Teachers' Training Institutes. *Berliner Börsen Zeitung*

An Apple for the Teacher

IT is strange that a certain evil practice is going on here. With the exception of trained and certificated teachers, no teacher in the parish has received his pay this month. Yet the school children and the members are asked to pay their usual monthly fees.

It may be argued that the teachers have never before been paid for the twelve months in the year, but it must be remembered that then the school children and the members did not pay fees for the holiday months. As they have started paying for some two years now or over, is it not time that the manager should 'reconsider the situation'?

Nigerian Eastern Mail

'Our Fuehrer which art in Heaven'

UNTIL they are fourteen, girls in Nazi Germany are classified as *Jungmädel*. They acquire the rudiments of education that the Party considers essential.

German girls have almost no leisure time. Athletic contests and Party activities take up the afternoons; several evenings a week are devoted to Party meetings at the girls' troop headquarters, where they discuss ideology, defence and sex. Weekends are given over to semi-military hikes.

One day my wife and I visited a place that had been the summer camp of our American Colony School. Old Frau Zeidler, the former landlady, now housemother for a division of *Jungmädel*, told us about one girl whom she called the 'spiritual leader'. 'Every night she kneels down by her cot and prays. She has a beautiful voice, almost angelic. More than once I have sneaked in—just to hear Annelise say those prayers. The girls wait up for them. Beautiful prayers they are, in which she offers the bodies and souls of all the girls to Hitler.'

Reader's Digest

Soul Snatching

SIX HUNDRED Bulgarian students will attend the University of Vienna during the coming term. This number represents an increase of 400 per cent compared with the attendance of Bulgarian students during the last year.

Frankfurter Zeitung

'This isn't exactly a book for little boys, but if you're really and truly going to be a doctor . . . .' S. R. L.

Education on Points

BETWEEN 1925 and 1939 great increase took place in the number of Secondary Schools, particularly of Ginnasi, Licei (High Schools) and Istituti Magistrali (Teachers' Training Institutions). There was a corresponding increase in the number of pupils. In 1939 there were three times as many scholars in the Licei and Istituti Magistrali as in 1925. This suggests 'a genuine migratory movement of population in the social sphere, of proportions which the labour demands do not justify'.

The reason for this influx of pupils was not a scholastic one, but lack of opportunity in productive economic work. Fascism has made great efforts to improve matters by making new public works and industrial enterprises. But there were more workers than work in Italy. Italy's labour problem is an international one, only to be solved internationally.

It was natural to look on education as a means whereby social position could be improved, but it was a mistake to think that this improvement could only be attained through the High Schools and the professions for which such schools prepared its pupils.

To have fewer institutions for higher education was no solution to the problem. There was no intention of depriving the intelligent child of higher education, but education was in danger of being over-popularised. Going to school was once the exception rather than the rule. It must be made the exception again.

From an Italian newspaper

Underground Learning

HUNDREDS of thousands of Polish students are today attending secret schools and learning from literature printed in underground publishing houses in occupied Poland.

Patterning underground after methods used during the century and a half when Poland was partitioned and the tongue forbidden, patriotic professors and teachers have organised what is referred to as 'travelling' or 'wandering' universities.

Regular high school and university courses are taught, and preparations are made for examinations which are held at regular intervals as in normal school practice.

Christian Science Monitor

Masters' Strike

SCHOOL teachers have had their resignations from the Laerersamband returned with a threatening letter from Orvar Saether against those daring to demonstrate against the State authorities. It is reported that between 70 per cent and 80 per cent tendered their resignation, which left about 2,000 teachers willing to accept the New Order, and many of these were believed to be watching events and likely to resign should the Nazi tendency develop. Teachers are given until April 4 to reconsider their decision. In some Oslo schools where there are over a hundred teachers only two or three joined the Laerersamband. In the Hegdehaugen school only the rector, Jensen, and three teachers joined, while twenty-eight refused; in the Ullern school only the notorious rector, Waage, and two out of the twenty-four teachers joined. In many provincial high schools all teachers headed by the rectors refused to become members.

Svenska Dageblad: Sweden

Books Under the Heel

AFTER the fall of Poland a German Commission was appointed by the administrators of the conquered territory to censor all reading matter in bookstores, libraries, and publishing houses.

The list of prohibited books covers 49 pages and includes the names of about 1,500 Polish authors.

Christian Science Monitor

Destry Rides Again—in Czechoslovakia

THE Reich Press has been reviewing the measures by which the new Minister for Education and Popular Enlightenment, Colonel Emanuel Moravec, proposes to reform the Czech youth. He has attempted to improve the demeanour of older pupils by banning all visits to night clubs, and asking teachers to forbid peculiarities of dress. In Prague it was hoped that this would put an end to the 'potapky' (the name given to the youths who hiked at weekends clad in Wild West garb, carrying umbrellas and wearing bright yellow gloves) and to the 'bedly', their female companions. Only the pupils of higher-grade schools had been infected with this craze, not the working class youths, nor those in the country. The blame for such behaviour rested not on the Czech youth but on their parents and teachers, who had not allowed them to join the front of European youth.

Frankfurter Zeitung

Chicos on the Campus

THE University of La Plata is reputed to be the only institution of its kind. It takes pupils of six years of age, puts them through its own grammar and high schools right through to medical, law, engineering and arts degrees.

Pupils from the University's grammar and high schools make La Plata University's top students and, when they graduate, form the nucleus of Argentina's leading class in their respective fields.

La Plata University is a liberal-democratic oasis in the otherwise rightist-conservative capital of Buenos Aires Province, La Plata. More than 90 per cent of Dr. Palacios' 'chicos', as he calls his students, are leftist. But the otherwise paternal educator will not tolerate Nazis or Communists on his vast campus.

Christian Science Monitor

U.S. Culture Goes West

THE Indians have been referred to as a 'vanishing race', but according to the latest information of the Indian Service, the Indians are no longer vanishing nor are they lacking in education. The Indian census of 1930 showed 270,000, and the Indian population

increased by over 90,000 to 316,816 in 1940.

The Indian race has contributed to society such men as humorist Will Rogers; Charles Curtis, former Vice-President of the United States; Zane Grey, novelist; Acee Blue Eagle, artist; and Jim Thorpe, Olympic champion. There were 12,000 Indian volunteers during the First World War.

What is called for today is a programme of instruction which will fit Indians to compete with Whites on equal terms in industry, trade and the professions, according to Dr. Ralph Linton, anthropologist, at the fifty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Indian Rights Association.

Dr. Linton maintains that it is not impossible to develop a working synthesis of Indian and white cultures, as shown by Iroquois groups, who have no difficulty in combining well-paid positions as structural iron workers with the practice of many of their ancient rituals and the preservation of their community organisation.

Christian Science Monitor

'. . . and me with last year's feather on!'

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Russia Goes to It

THE Soviet Government issued a decree which instituted a compulsory annual mobilisation of a million youths between 14 and 15 for a two-year course, and between 16 and 17 years for a six-months' course of industrial training. It may not be without interest to us in Great Britain in our present emergency to learn how such a vast scheme was put into being.

As soon as the decree was issued steps were taken to popularise it. There was a barrage of propaganda in the Press, on the wireless, and in the cinema in praise of labour as 'a matter of honour, a matter of glory'. Meetings were held in factories and farms at which the decree was discussed and approved, and the resolutions approving it were sent to the Press. The result was amazing. Applications began to pour in from every corner of the Union, much to the discomfort of some registration officials. The first instalment asked for was 600,000; double that number applied. It looks as though compulsion will be unnecessary at any stage.

The beginning of term was treated as a great occasion. In the typical Russian way it was turned into a festival (the day before school opens is a great children's festival in nearly every city and rural district). The arrival platforms of the stations where the trainees were expected were decorated with flags and bunting inscribed with greetings and good wishes from different works and from the city soviet. The works' band gave a musical welcome to its particular trainees. In Moscow decorated buses took the boys round the city. Quite naturally the boys wrote glowing accounts home.

Industry was charged with the organisation of the different kinds of industrial and factory school. In effect it meant that within the space of one month it had to supply buildings for school and workshops, equipment for these, a boarding-house for the trainees near to the school and, with the help of the education authority, teachers and instructors. The task was colossal. For instance, the textile industry had to supply nearly a million sheets and half that number of pillowcases for the beds, which in their turn had to be provided by another trust. The machines, lathes and benches for the workshops had to be adapted to the physique of young boys. Further instructions were issued that facilities for recreation must be supplied: a hall for communal activities, and rooms for group activities with the necessary equipment.

Times Educational Supplement

MARRY OR DO NOT MARRY — YOU WILL REGRET IT ANYHOW—*Socrates*

Interest on a Loan

THE Reich Office of Statistics reports that the proportion of marriages assisted by loans rose from 19 per cent of the total number of marriages in 1937 to 41.8 per cent two years later. Three-fifths of the men receiving loans were under 28 and three-fifths of the women under 25. Of those who married without financial help the proportion of men and women of these ages was about two-fifths. The conclusion drawn was that loan marriages should produce far more children. Marriage loans have declined since the war. In 1940 the percentage fell to about 40, every fourth child in that year being born from a loan marriage.

Berliner Börsen Zeitung

'I don't want a reconciliation—just twenty-five thousand dollars'
THE NEW YORKER

'Sang Pur'

A DECREE has been published in Ostland prohibiting marriages between Germans and the Ostland population. Only at a later, undetermined date, when the authorities have the technical and medical possibilities to test blood and racial purity will such marriages be permitted.

Svenska Dageblad

Gentlemen! Tune in!

RECENT compilations indicate that the percentage of happiness for men, in marriage, decidedly outweighs that of women. Why is this true?

To begin with, woman is like a great organ upon which man plays, and owing to faulty education, most men are poor players.

Marriage to woman is the answer to her instinctive desire for protection, self-preservation. She is infinitely precious in the scheme of nature —far more than man. Intuitively she is led to strive for protection—and this, by acquiring a strong man who will love her.

Now man's chief instinct has to do with his ego. He must possess ego, if he is to be the adequate protector, if he is to achieve, accomplish. Marriage that upholds this for him is a success; conversely, a union that lessens or destroys his ego is most unfortunate for him. Even so, *most* unhappy marriages are traceable to the husband rather than to the wife—to the husband's lack of understanding of obvious facts.

Psychology

Department of Matrimony

SUITABLE match, educated or businessman for a highly-connected, Dharmik, Agarwal, Singhal Gotra business doing family's, Hindi educated, beautiful, charming, mild tempered, eversmiling, well-up in needle and home work girl. Persons wishing good natured Dharmik bride need only write, not the dowry hunters. Apply Box No. 6779.

ACCOMPLISHED, educated, vegetarian Hindu virgin or issueless widow, about 22, as life companion by handsome Lawyer, widower (three children), 32.

WILL anybody come forward to offer his hand for an unlucky widow, Bisa Agarwal, aged 15½ years, of highly respectable family? Only Bisa Agarwals need apply to: P. Kumar, 46, Zero Road, Allahabad.

Hindustan Times

IT STARTED WITH EVE

A Protest

To the Editor, The N.E. Mail

SIR,—Kindly allow me a space in your most valuable and widely read journal to call the attention of the Efiks, and some other tribal women of the Catholic Church to their misapprehensions and insinuations towards the Blessed Host which is ever present in the tabernacle on the altar in the Sacred Heart Church. Women, remember that it was through this woeful influence and vanity that our most pious and original father, Adam, was led into sin by Eve. Women, the catechism teaches you more clearly about the presence of Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ at Holy Mass, during the period of consecration. If that is a fact, women, and as believers, why on earth should you talk, laugh or gossip inside the church? Women, remember, these two questions and their answers:

1. Who made you? God made me.

2. Why did God make you? God made me to know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him for ever in the next.

To know God. By hearing instructions, reading good books, knowing what He is and what He has done for us.

To love and serve God by keeping His commandments, and doing all we can to please Him. So, women, read this my humble and open letter to you, regenerate and turn back to sincere worship of God. Women, I say again to you remember Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and beware of your vanities.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

Adam Hits Back

SIXTY-ONE women in Bucharest have had their telephones cut off for using the telephone for useless talking.

Curentul, Bucharest

Brunhilde Without Headgear

FROM March 1 to August 15 the sale of felt hats to ladies has been suspended all over the Reich.

Berliner Lokal Anzeiger

'Yes, this is the Beauty Hints Editor' S. R. L.

Leading Clubwoman not Jap-happy

THE leader of 2,000,000 clubwomen, addressing a national defence forum, proposed that 'Onward Christian Soldiers' supplant 'silly songs' and such expressions as 'Slap the Japs' and 'Fight the Huns'.

Christian Science Monitor

No Mixed Bathing

THE burgomaster of Leiden has prohibited persons under 18 from appearing in the streets between the hours of 20 and 24 o'clock without a parent, or an adult with written permission from the parents. Unaccompanied girls under 18 are forbidden in restaurants and cafés, and after 19 o'clock in cinemas. It is prohibited to be in the Steenstraat and Stationsweg longer than necessary for using the road as a traffic road, on Saturday and Sunday evening. Numerous roads are mentioned where it is forbidden for persons of both sexes to be together between sunset and sunrise.

Agrarisch Nieuwsblad: Holland

So They Say

CLARE BOOTHE: 'If women were like men, really like men in their brains and hearts, the human race would have slaughtered itself off the face of the earth thousands of years ago. . . .

'I like American women better than the women of any other land. Although they are more spoiled, they have still left in abundant quantities the virtues of the pioneer and immigrant women who made this land. . . .'

New York Herald Tribune

SARTOR RESARTUS

Button Up Your Overcoat!

LET us deal for a moment with the lowest waistcoat button, which for many years has been left undone, by most men. 'Fat men at mealtimes may have felt this a convenience, but with the ordinary man it was a mere pose of fashion, as absurd as any that Beau Brummel ever introduced into Bath', he says. It is said that Edward the Seventh started the fashion, and it may have meant a small comfort to him. But in my opinion it has lasted because the points of waistcoats are so long that they need but little ease. *Tailor and Cutter*

THE signs of the times are literally indications of current changes in the American domestic economy and the confusion that accompanies it. Take some random examples:

As the tempo quickens, the Coca-Cola advertisments that for months have made white-collar workers conscious of a need for the 'Pause that Refreshes' now show an arm tilting a bottle under the word 'Pause'—followed by another arm holding a tool, 'Work Refreshed'.

One automobile poster displays what looks like an escaped bench show with the title, 'Don't Let Your Car go to the Dogs', while another, less imaginatively, presents a car key on whose case is written 'Care Saves Wear'.

The New York Dress Institute has been running full-page newspaper advertisements of the lady from Samothrace, urging readers to 'Lend Wings to Victory' (as though what she needed weren't arms and a head). *The Economist*

VARIATIONS

Diary of a Hidalgo

THIS diary was found on a dead soldier of the Blue Division:

'July 8. We were searched in the barracks. Colonel Matmoros ordered that nobody should be permitted to leave before the stolen fountain pen had been recovered.

'July 15. We passed Biarritz, Bayonne, Bordeaux. The French shook their fists at us. We threw empty bottles from the windows.

'August 3. The Germans threw us out from the pub. We often quarrel.

'August 30. Three of our soldiers pinched a number of things from a house.

'September 2. Devilish cold. The Poles killed twenty-one Spaniards.' *Komsomolskaja Pravda*

Head Hunters Under the New Order

DANISH barbers utilise their customers' skulls as valuable sources of raw material. In the course of one year 10,000 kgs. of hair were salvaged for the felt shoe industry.

Frankfurter Zeitung

Those Spanish Blues

THE 'Blue Division' gets 'bluer' in the Russian frost. 'Who would have believed it, that it can be so cold', says the Spanish POW Antonio Perez Ruzdo, 'the hands refuse to hold the rifle. The frosty wind cuts the eyes. During the last few days there were sixteen cases of frozen limbs in our battalion alone.'

Ruzdo, wrapped up in nondescript bits of clothing looks more like a scarecrow than a soldier. No underwear at all. His boots are torn, soled with wood. He hoped he would get rich booty. A fur coat. Felt boots.

The only thing he succeeded in grabbing were —a pair of silk stockings. . . .

Komsomolskaja Pravda
(Young Communists' edition of *Pravda*)

Nomen est Omen

ACCORDING to reports in the Japanese press all English street and shop signs in Hong Kong are to be removed.

Frankfurter Zeitung

Sauerkraut Propaganda

THE German soldiers have a weakness for kitchen gardens, to which they are attracted by the vegetables. Soviet scouts take advantage of this hunger. For some time now the Germans have been finding Soviet leaflets in tomato beds and in the hearts of cabbages; the specimens containing these messages are left as though by accident when the rest of the garden is destroyed.

Results can be checked. Neatly folded and assiduously hidden, Soviet leaflets, newspapers and pamphlets are found on prisoners and on the German dead. As despondency replaces the initial confidence of the Fascist troops, better and better results are being obtained by our steady pressure of propaganda. *Trek:* Cape Town

Morituri te Salutant

ACCORDING to the *Ceske Slovo*, published in Prague, the so-called Roman greeting with a lifted arm becomes increasingly popular among the Czechs. It is considered a symbol of honesty and sincerity. It appears that in bygone times the Czechs used to hail each other with a raised arm and had then given up this form of greeting for the slavish gesture of lifting the hat. *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*

Nazis in Tolstoi's Home

ON October 31 the Germans broke into the Literary Museum. The furniture, the exhibits, the pictures, the books were all thrown together and piled up in the corner of the room. They decided to convert the place into an hospital. The wardrobe was forced and the laundry stolen.

Then wounded and dead Germans were brought up from the front. The museum wardens watched with consternation the Germans digging graves for their soldiers near the resting place of the great writer.

The scene in the Literary Museum is indescribable. Wounded and bleeding Fascists crowd the place. The dead lie between the living.

On November 1 General Guderian paid a visit to the Museum. He hurriedly went from room to room. When the General left, an officer accompanying him rushed back into the Museum, tore a valuable photo of Tolstoi from the wall, grabbed a few things from a table. 'Un souvenir pour le général!' he shouted in French. *Pravda*

Wishful Reporting

THE new Agrarian constitution for the Ukraine promulgated by Rosenberg has been announced by the Ukranian Press, by wall newspapers and posters. The peasants discussed it animatedly. A correspondent of the German *Ukraine Zeitung* who visited the kolkhoz 'Komsomoletz' in the village Krasny Yar was received by the crowd with the jubilant outcry 'The Devil take the kolkhoz!'

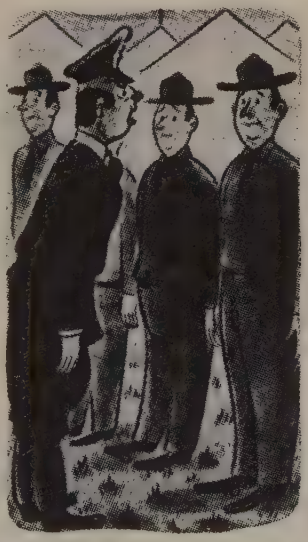
Hamburger Fremdenblatt

The Pilot's Coat?

BISMARCK'S fur coat has been contributed to the collection of warm clothing for soldiers on the Russian front. Isn't that the mantle that was supposed to rest on Hitler's shoulders exclusively? *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Bittersweet

AT Bijenkorfs, Amsterdam, on January 17 a big sale of music and books began. Music was sold at ten cents a piece. Among this was a large collection of Orange songs and English soldiers' songs such as the 'Siegfried Line', 'Good Luck', an R.A.F. march, etc. All these were immediately sold; it is a shame that this was allowed. *De Misthoorn*, Holland



'The first thing you gotta do is to forget everything you learned in the movies!' THE NEW YORKER

Black Vanities

MOST of the local dailies carry special articles for female readers. This paper carried one for a time, but it was left out owing, I understand, to wartime difficulties as to space. Now, what I would like to know is how many of our ladies read these articles, or indeed any part or portion of these papers at all. I think a conscientious inquiry will show that the answer to this question is, 'very few indeed'.

Now, readers, you may ask me who reads these articles allegedly written for our female readers. I answer that you, dear male reader, read them and that the number of females who read them is, say, five per cent of the readers at the most, and that is a generous estimate. And I will go further and say that 50 per cent of the female pseudonyms that adorn these articles cover male personalities.

Now, girls and matrons, what have you got to say to this indictment? I would like to hear from you. I am really a lover of the ladies, but I like to see them make a good show. Now then, ladies, if I am wrong, write and give it to me hot and strong. I can take it. If I am right, perhaps you can give reasons and suggest remedies.

THE ROTARIAN *captions this:* '*Rear action!*'

The Alake of Abeokuta, Nigeria, receiving a photographer. His crown is surmounted by doves of peace

Sale Price

ADVERTISING achieves an ultimate and adds an afterthought—a highway sign near Hoisington proclaims:

YOU CAN ALWAYS DO BETTER AT CHILDS FUNERAL PARLOUR. LOWEST RATES IN HARDWARE FURNITURE TOO.

American Mercury

Some Shootin'

AN Oregon (U.S.) woman invalid went out huntin' in her wheel-chair and shot a deer weighing 540 lbs., it is reported. Prospective invaders are advised to keep clear of the area.

The Autocar

That's All

AN ambitious young lady obtained an audience with Sacha Guitry, the famous actor, who kindly consented to give her an audition.

After listening to several classics, the noted actor went up to the youthful aspirant for histrionic honours and placed his hand on her head in a fatherly manner.

'My dear child,' said he, 'marry soon. Goodbye!'

Christian Science Monitor

CABLES FROM THE AMERICAS

TALK of rationing, but except for automobiles with their rationed tyres and possibly rationed petrol, other possibilities in this direction are still things of the future. Plenty of butter; there is jam today.

Sugar going to be rationed. In hotels and restaurants changes are most to be seen. Sugary dessert cakes and ices waning. People are becoming scrap-minded.

Golf and tennis balls 'banned for duration'. Illegal to destroy articles containing reclaimable rubber.

Women taking nutrition courses. Air raid precautions in New York include the opening of seventy emergency shelters to give advice and to provide cash allowances for victims and to arrange for rehousing. Eighty of the most valuable of the City Hall art treasures have been handed to the Metropolitan Museum for safe keeping. Fifth Avenue double-decker buses are to be withdrawn. Cruising by taxicabs banned in mid-town area for the next thirty days; if experiment successful ban will be extended to larger area. Need for women in war industries being stressed. Mary Anderson, Director of Women's Bureau, estimates that five hundred thousand now employed in war industries can be expanded to nearly six millions this year. Washington, where famous Japanese cherry trees, now called 'blooming cherry trees', suffering not only from a shortage of office space but from lack of living accommodation. It does not know what to do with its girl workers. Thousands crowd in threes and fours into furnished rooms; six will share an apartment if they can find one.

Already four Federal Bureaux have been moved to Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and New York and others are expected to follow. Redecorated stables belonging to Sumner Welles are the headquarters for 50,000 members of the District of Columbia's Chapter of the American Women's Voluntary Services.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York

MANY months before United States entered the war, President Vargas declared publicly that Brazil would always stand with the United States in defence of the hemisphere. The past few weeks have been testing, and no visitor could fail to be impressed by the determined spirit of the people. It set seal on the mobilisation of all Brazil's resources, which has been gradually proceeding for months.

For nearly a decade Vargas has been at the helm as 'Discretionary President'. It is difficult for Britishers with long democratic tradition to understand how it is possible to have a doctrinaire democracy like Brazil's with a dictator holding it together. Yet that seems a fact. There is a real sense of individual freedom here that one discerns in few countries.

Collaboration with U.S.A. was one reason for the prolonged visit to the United States of the Minister of Finance, Souza Costa. Roosevelt's economic handyman, Leon Henderson, is in Brazil too. He insists he is holidaying, but admitted to me it was interesting to visit a country where there were economic interests affecting his job.

Of the men around Vargas the best known is probably Foreign Minister, Oswaldo Aranha, who steered the Rio Conference round many shoals. He belongs to one of the great Brazilian families, and, unlike Vargas, is much travelled. He studied in Paris as a lawyer and entered politics in 1926. He was one of the leaders of the Vargas revolution and remains his closest friend. He spent four years in Washington as Ambassador and is a very supple political leader.

Others are Lourival Fontes, shrewd, picturesque, autocratic Director of Press and Propaganda, and General Oswaldo Cordeiro de Faria, Governor of the frontier State of Rio Grande Do Sul, who has done yeoman work in rooting out Fifth Columnists.

Most Brazilians proclaim with confidence our ultimate victory. When I said 'We will sure win,' Paul Bittencourt, owner of Rio's *Correio Da Manha*, replied, 'Yes, but I wish you did not know it so well.'

TOM CLARKE, Rio de Janeiro

CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

Weakness for Socks

MAKING the clothing coupons reach is a problem with many. My weakness is socks, which always develop heel holes—prematurely. Machine-made socks unfortunately cannot be refooted, and one is faced with the necessity of scrapping things which, when darning has done its best, are still 95 per cent not worn out. Accustomed to wearing old socks reversed in connection with excursions over Essex marshes in gum-boots, I asked myself why cannot one do the same with ordinary shoes. Appearance, of course. A way out presented itself—spats. I am now wearing all my long discarded pre-war socks whose big holes turned to the front over the instep present no disadvantage either as to warmth or appearance, covered as they are by spats. I used to think spats were 'sissy', but having worn them I find them a boon in keeping the feet free from damp and cold.

As a mere man I hesitate to suggest innovations in feminine attire, least of all in regard to silk stockings to whose display I am as responsive as I hope I should be. But is it beyond the bounds of possibility that woman's decorative flair can transform the dull masculine spat into something positively thrilling and fascinating for her own use?

HERBERT BREWER,
Cambridge

Talk Esperanto!

A NEW League of Nations or a future Federation of the Peoples must have as a binding link a common language. The language is here, simply waiting to be adopted.

Esperanto has been a living language for fifty years. It has been tested in many public conferences and by many peoples, and it has not been found wanting. The only alternative now seems to be English.

If English *were* adopted it would be a disaster to the English-speaking peoples, who speaking only one language, would be surrounded by bi-lingual peoples.

I will conclude by merely naming the essential features of any Universal Language:

1. It must be neutral, and therefore fashioned and made for the purpose.
2. Easily learnable—which English is not—so that every man and woman learned or otherwise could acquire it and use it.
3. Adequate for all purposes, and capable of growth and expansion.

Esperanto possesses all these features.

L. H. LEADLEY,
Acomb, York

Dictator Joad?

I HEARTILY agree with most of what you say in your Editorial of *World Review*. I don't agree about Bevin; the man-power question has in my opinion been grossly muddled. There has been no plan. We could well dispense with all politicians in wartime.

I should like to be put into touch with those who demand that Ministers who have let the country down should be impeached; they would have my full support.

Professor Joad's article particularly interested me.

What a pity we cannot suspend the Constitution for the war and make someone like Prof. Joad Dictator, backed by the Services.

Our past and present muddling means the loss of so many lives of splendid men, men we can so ill afford to lose.

The woeful waste of money and effort through lack of co-ordination, lack of one central drive, is appalling.

DUNSTAN PRICE,
Westbank

An Irishman on 'Finnegan's Wake'

I READ your lady correspondent's account of modern tendencies in English with special interest, because she gives such prominence to 'Finnegan's Wake', a work which, to my mind, no critic, let alone reader, can or should take seriously.

For several years past I have pursued James Joyce, picking up a clue or notion here or there; listening to people in Dublin who claimed to have met him, reading every scrap of or about him as it came to my notice.

You may imagine how I pounced upon the article in your great review; but you cannot realise the disgust and disappointment with which I dismissed the article and its author from my mind.

The matter is tosh, and I defy the lady to set down the meaning, in English, of even one line of her second quotation from the 'Wake'.

She cannot, because there is not a shred of meaning in the whole wretched hotch-potch—vapourings of an unsound mind.

I know that this opinion makes me a heretic, a philistine, according to accepted notions of esoteric schools of modern literary expression; but to me there is no literature in what does not make sense—if not to the average reader, at least to the cultured, the trained readers of books.

MICHAEL GILVARY,
Bray, Ireland

Clear Thinking Please!

No cavil can be made against the intellect of H. G. Wells—a little weak-minded some years ago in attempting to stand for that *small* institution; I refer to those two small Houses that every twenty years or so are themselves conscripted into conscripting voters, both male and female, into 'fighting' for King and Country.

George V said 'Wake up England'. Yet here we are two reigns after, looking for some *clear thinking* somewhere. Say, little hen, when, when, when do we get it? H. G. Wells is O.K. with Europeans, if not with Insular Englishmen.

O. NEWBOLD,
Christchurch, Hants, Eng.

Indigestion

How ALOCOL

Re-educates the Stomach

The 'Alocol' treatment for indigestion should not be confused with alkali treatments. It is entirely different.

ACID CONTROL.

It is generally recognised that by the introduction of *Acid Control*, 'Alocol' marks a definite advance in the treatment of indigestion. The use of 'Alocol' not only corrects digestive trouble, but also 're-educates' the stomach to perform its digestive functions naturally.

The effect of 'Alocol' is to absorb only the *excess* acid in the stomach and to leave the *correct* amount of acid to perform the natural processes of digestion.

Thus 'Alocol' gives relief in an approved scientific manner by removing the cause of digestive discomfort. At the same time it soothes the stomach and leaves its digestive powers unimpaired.

The treatment of excess acidity by 'Alocol' is founded on scientific knowledge and 'Alocol' has, for many years, been widely prescribed by the medical profession. If you are subject to indigestion, begin a course of 'Alocol' today.

Tablets 1/1½, 2/10 and 5/1.
Powder 3/1 and 6/2½
(*Including Purchase Tax.*)

SAFE AND SURE AC5

'I sent you a letter signed "constant reader"'

Grasp Fundamentals!

THE *World Review* has been deteriorating. The fact was brought home to me by the results of the Peace Aims Competition, and later confirmed by the collection of cant and platitude in the articles, 'What Britain Means to Me' and 'The Spirit of the Countryside'.

The prize-winning essay of the Peace Aims Competition betrays an unfortunate inability to grasp the fundamentals of a lasting peace.

Your contributor seeks to minimize a direct *result* of war, the aerial bombardment of cities, by World Aerial Control, which he describes as essential. On the other hand, his plea for International Economic Control, which—on his own admission—would remove an important *cause* of war, he labels 'rather desirable'.

J. A. CHAMBERLAIN,
Coventry

Remember Cork Harbour!

TO the Americans the Youth of Ireland say, 'Remember Cork Harbour!', Gateway to the Atlantic as Pearl Harbour is gateway to the Pacific. The way is clear to a new and progressive Ireland, united by American initiative and organisation. It would be a wise development to see the island fortress of Ireland fully garrisoned by American Forces by this Spring, and form a vital stepping-stone between America and Britain.

Ireland under American organisation would form a very strong link in our defences, and could, perhaps, also help in the Battle of Production.

To the people of Ireland we say, 'Arise!' Only by your contributions to the present can the new foundations be laid for a united and progressive Ireland of the future. Help to win the war in order to help in winning the peace that follows it.

PATRICK,
R.A.F., Torquay

Demographic Survey and Plan

THE Demographic Survey and Plan has been working under the auspices of The 1940 Council for about one year, but is now being carried on independently. Our intention is to assemble data and material which can be useful for the activities of the Government later on in regard to the final drawing up of a National Plan for Great Britain. We are preparing, consequently, only a kind of 'Shadow National Plan', the principles of which are based partly upon the findings of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population. But other aspects which were not included in their terms of reference are also taken into account.

We envisage a redistribution of population and industry primarily in relation to social needs. We think that 'economic man' must be superseded by 'social man'. Consequently, need appears to be more decisive than production. The redevelopment of congested areas should begin with this point in view; and the further development of settlement in rural districts must likewise be based upon this fact if we hope to resettle part of the population. Electric power makes industry mobile so that many light industries can be sited in rural districts alongside agricultural industries based on the processing of agricultural raw materials. We think that one essential point is the abolition of the antagonism between town and country and its replacement by a sound regional balance. We are convinced that we should think more in terms of the potential values which we can develop in the future than of those existing today; and we believe that only little can be gained by fact-finding which is solely concerned with restating facts in properly tabulated statistics and does not pave the way for a long-term policy.

E. A. GUTKIND

Were Voters to Blame?

MR. GORDON BECKLES, in his interesting article, writes 'That many M.P.s failed in their duties is generally conceded, but what of the record of the voters who sent these faltering M.P.s to Westminster?'

The voters are not quite so much to blame as might appear on the surface. We have in this country three principal political parties; yet, south of a line drawn from the Thames westwards, one of these parties has no representative at all, another has two representatives and the remaining party has all the rest. This is very far from being proportionate to the votes actually cast and even further from the result which would have been obtained under a true system of Proportional Representation. Many other such instances could be cited.

We certainly need Electoral Reform, but not quite on the lines suggested by Mr. Beckles.

W. G. SCHOLES,
Leeds

Invitation to Uncle Sam

SOME benefits to Eire of American occupation and full co-operation the Allied cause:

1. Great economic and social benefits.
2. Industrial development of Ireland.
3. Greater security for Ireland and the Brit Isles as a whole.
4. Sure hope for the future. For the youth Ireland in common with rest of democratic youth throughout the world.
5. Best chance of uniting Ireland by co-operation in the Allied cause.
6. Only way to bring Ireland up to date.
7. Opening of Galway Harbour which has cost the present Irish Government a lot of money, and is uncompleted.
8. An historic opportunity to the people of Ireland to 'put their country on the map'.
9. Financial security for the Irish farmers.
10. Prosperity again for Cork Harbour and the City of Cork also for Lough Swilly and Berehaven—and employment and training for Irish workers in industry in the Western Bastion of Democracy.

P. M., R. A. F.

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THE R.A.F.

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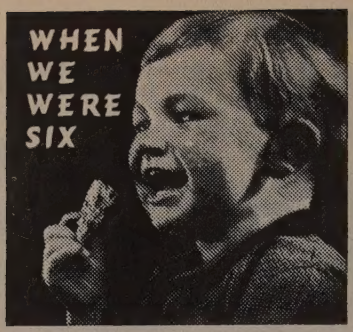

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